MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

No24 Mar 26th 1980
Every Thursday 12p

Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

# DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

## 100 FABULOUS FULL COLOUR POSTERS MUST BE WON!

THE DOCTOR
MUST FACE
THE DALEKS!

BONUS!
ROBOTS
OF
DEATH!

DOCTOR WHO
DOCTOR WHO
DOCTOR WHO
K-9
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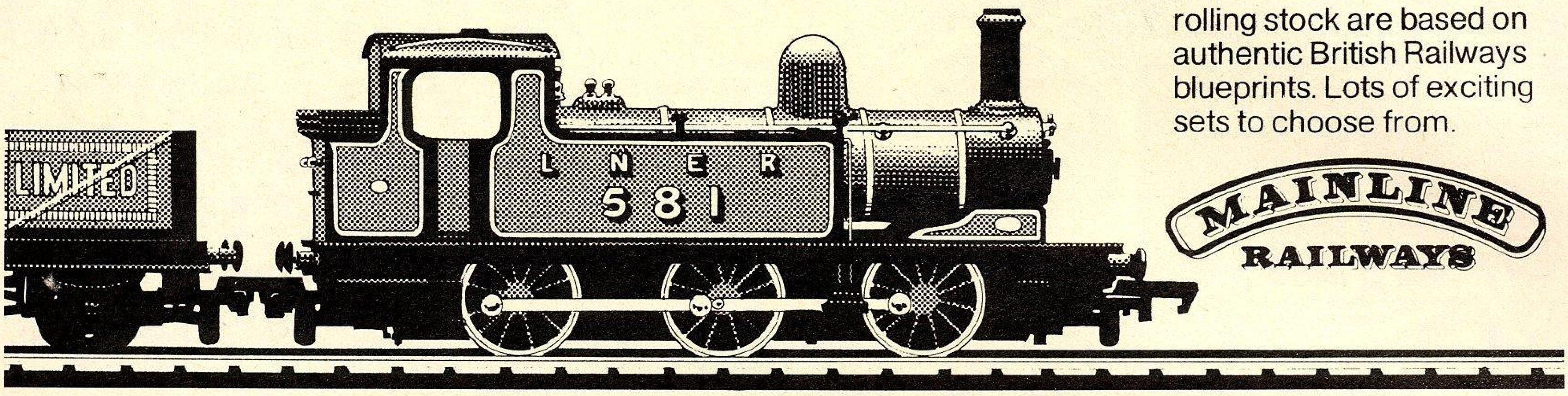

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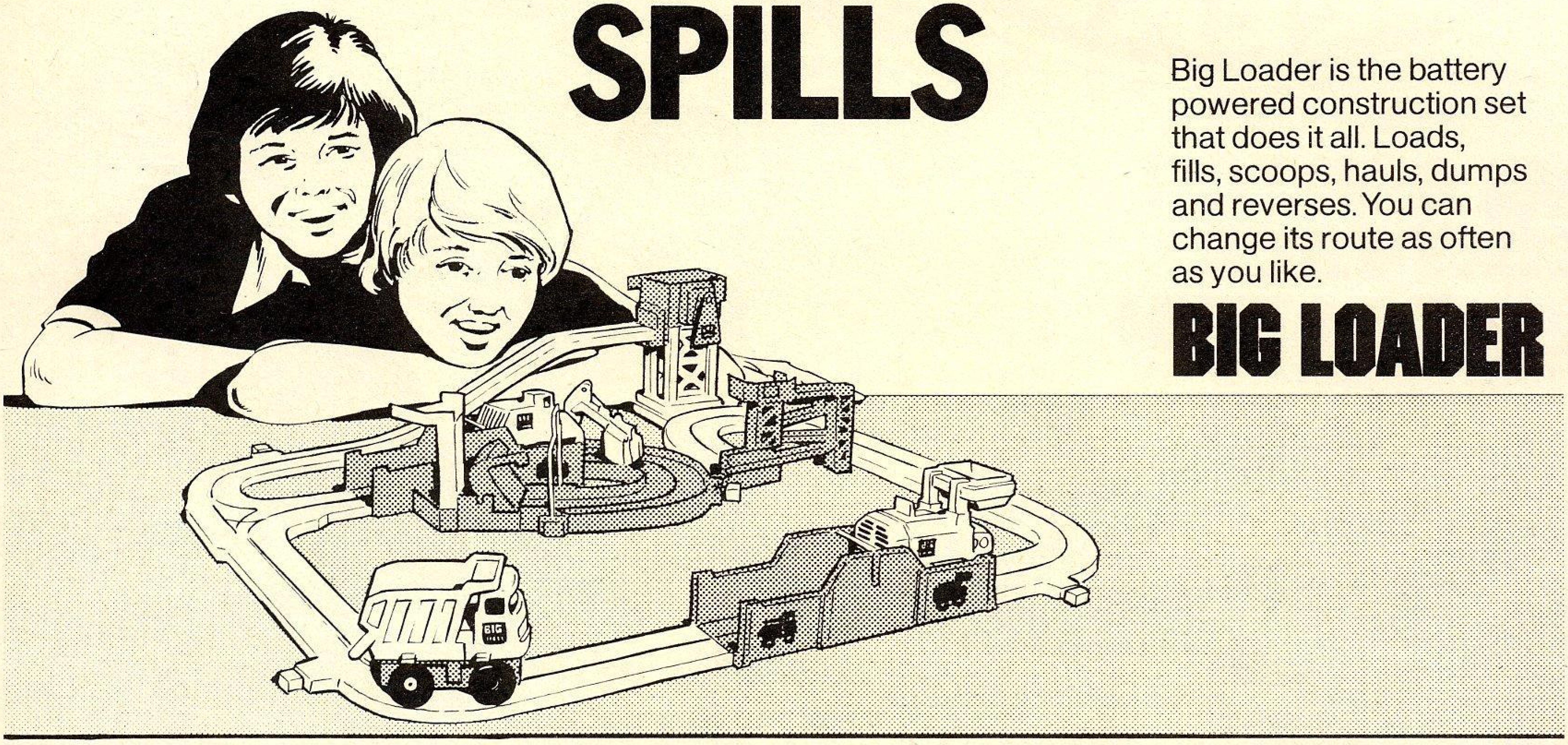
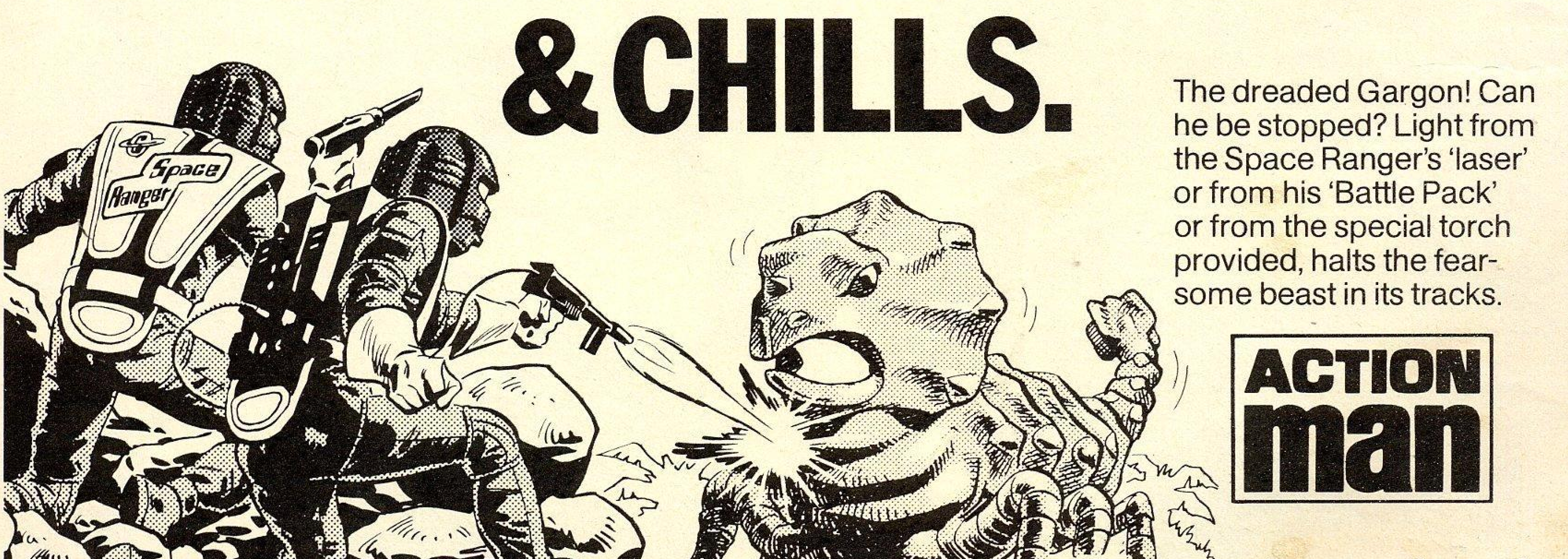


# & CHILLS.

The dreaded Gargon! Can he be stopped? Light from the Space Ranger's 'laser' or from his 'Battle Pack' or from the special torch provided, halts the fearsome beast in its tracks.

**ACTION man**



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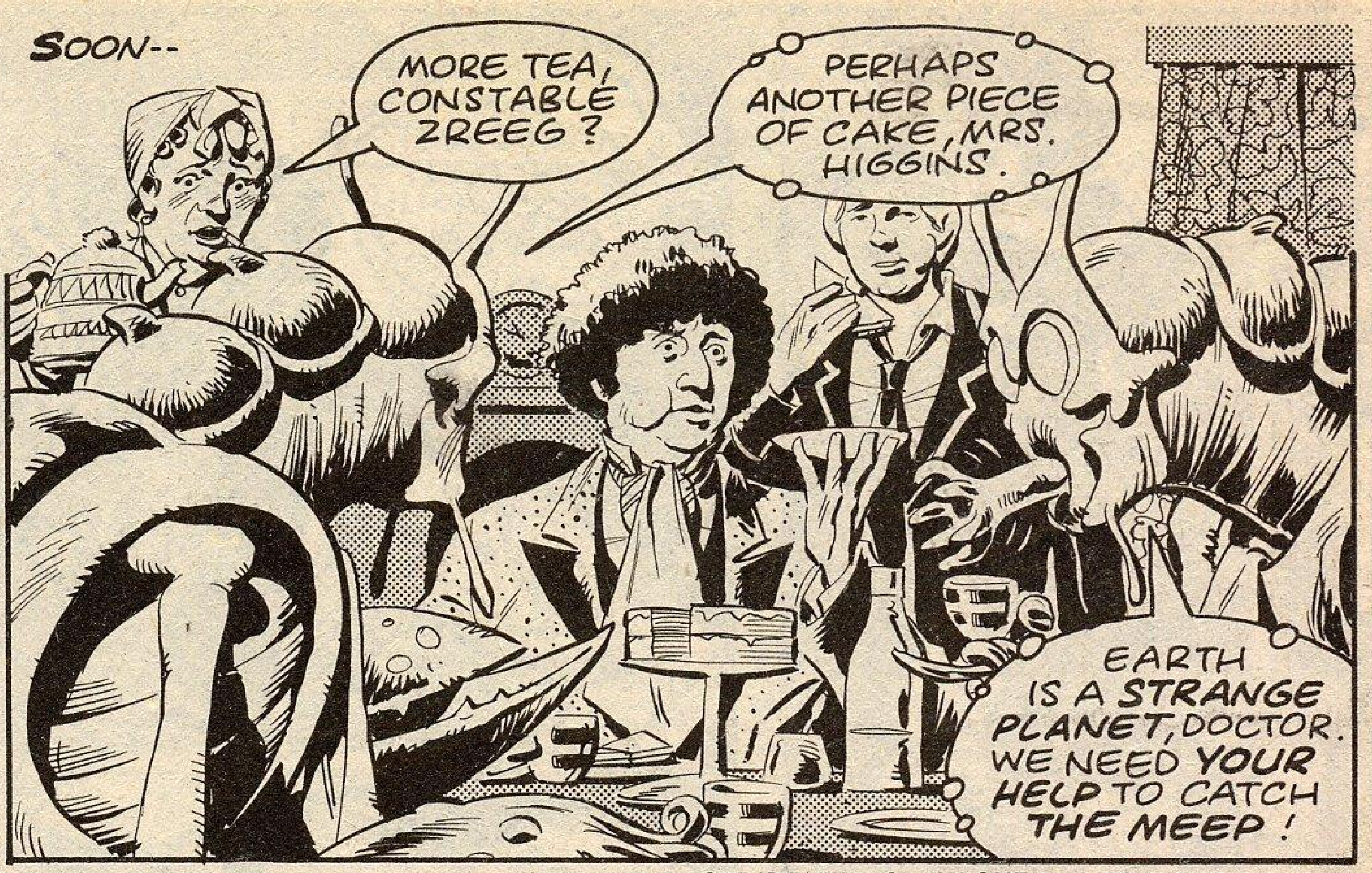
Another HaCsA Scan by Gothman

Stan Lee presents

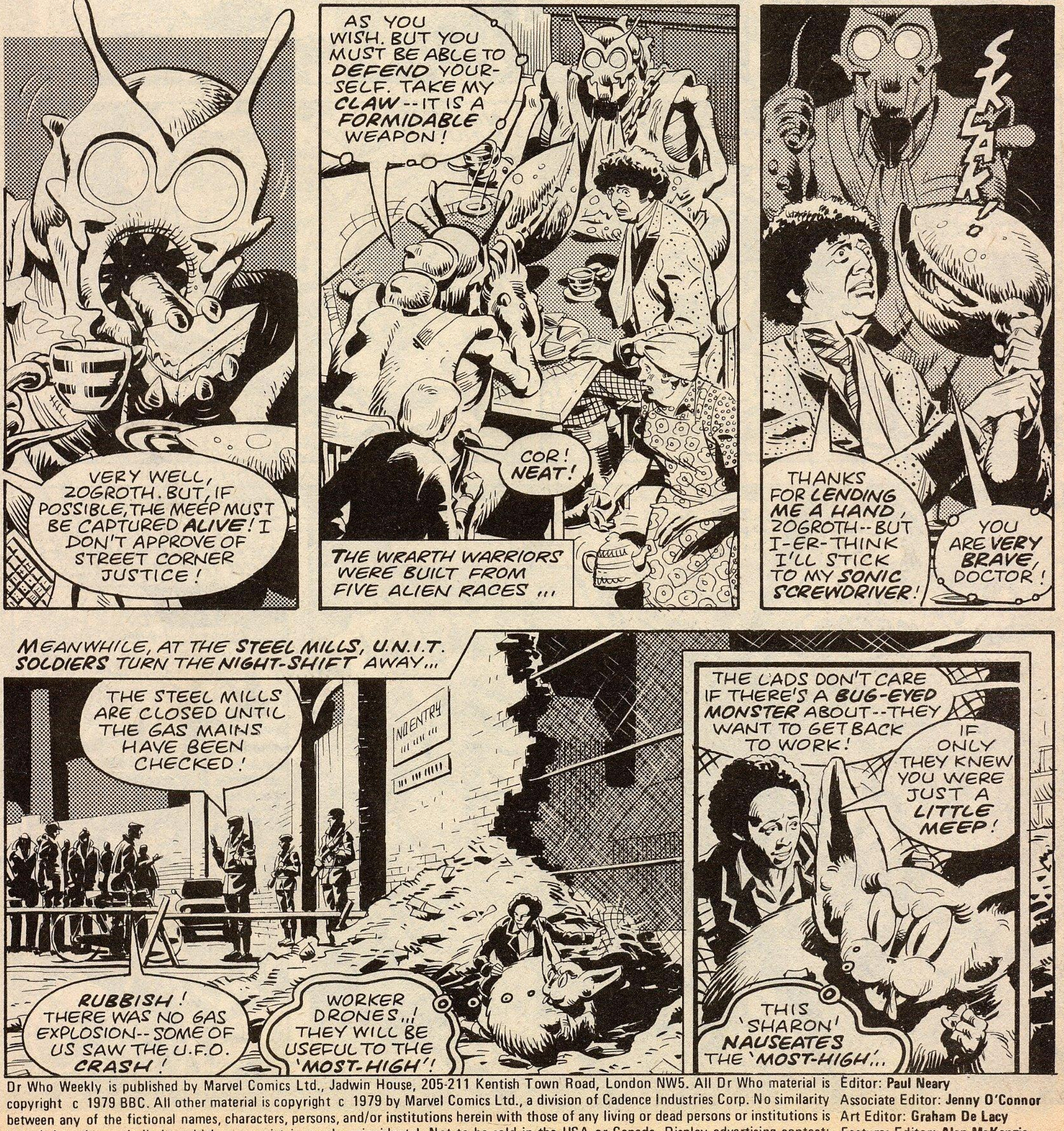
# DOCTOR WHO

# AND THE STAR BEAST

THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS THAT THE MEEP IS A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL WANTED BY THE WRATH-WARRIORS – GALACTIC LAW ENFORCERS. BUT THE DOCTOR'S COMPANION, SHARON, IS IN THE MEEP'S CLUTCHES . . .


SOON--
MORE TEA, CONSTABLE ZREEG?
PERHAPS ANOTHER PIECE OF CAKE, MRS. HIGGINS.
EARTH IS A STRANGE PLANET, DOCTOR. WE NEED YOUR HELP TO CATCH THE MEEP!

SCRIPT: MILLS + WAGNER ART: DAVE GIBBONS.


VERY WELL, ZOGROTH. BUT, IF POSSIBLE, THE MEEP MUST BE CAPTURED ALIVE! I DON'T APPROVE OF STREET CORNER JUSTICE!
AS YOU WISH. BUT YOU MUST BE ABLE TO DEFEND YOURSELF. TAKE MY CLAW--IT IS A FORMIDABLE WEAPON!
COR! NEAT!
THE WRAATH WARRIORS WERE BUILT FROM FIVE ALIEN RACES ...
SKLAK!
THANKS FOR LENDING ME A HAND, ZOGROTH--BUT I-ER-THINK I'LL STICK TO MY SONIC SCREWDRIVER!
YOU ARE VERY BRAVE, DOCTOR!
MEANWHILE, AT THE STEEL MILLS, U.N.I.T. SOLDIERS TURN THE NIGHT-SHIFT AWAY...
THE STEEL MILLS ARE CLOSED UNTIL THE GAS MAINS HAVE BEEN CHECKED!
NO ENTRY
RUBBISH! THERE WAS NO GAS EXPLOSION--SOME OF US SAW THE U.F.O. CRASH!
WORKER DRONES..! THEY WILL BE USEFUL TO THE 'MOST-HIGH'!
THE LADS DON'T CARE IF THERE'S A BUG-EYED MONSTER ABOUT--THEY WANT TO GET BACK TO WORK!
IF ONLY THEY KNEW YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE MEEP!
THIS 'SHARON' NAUSEATES THE 'MOST-HIGH'...

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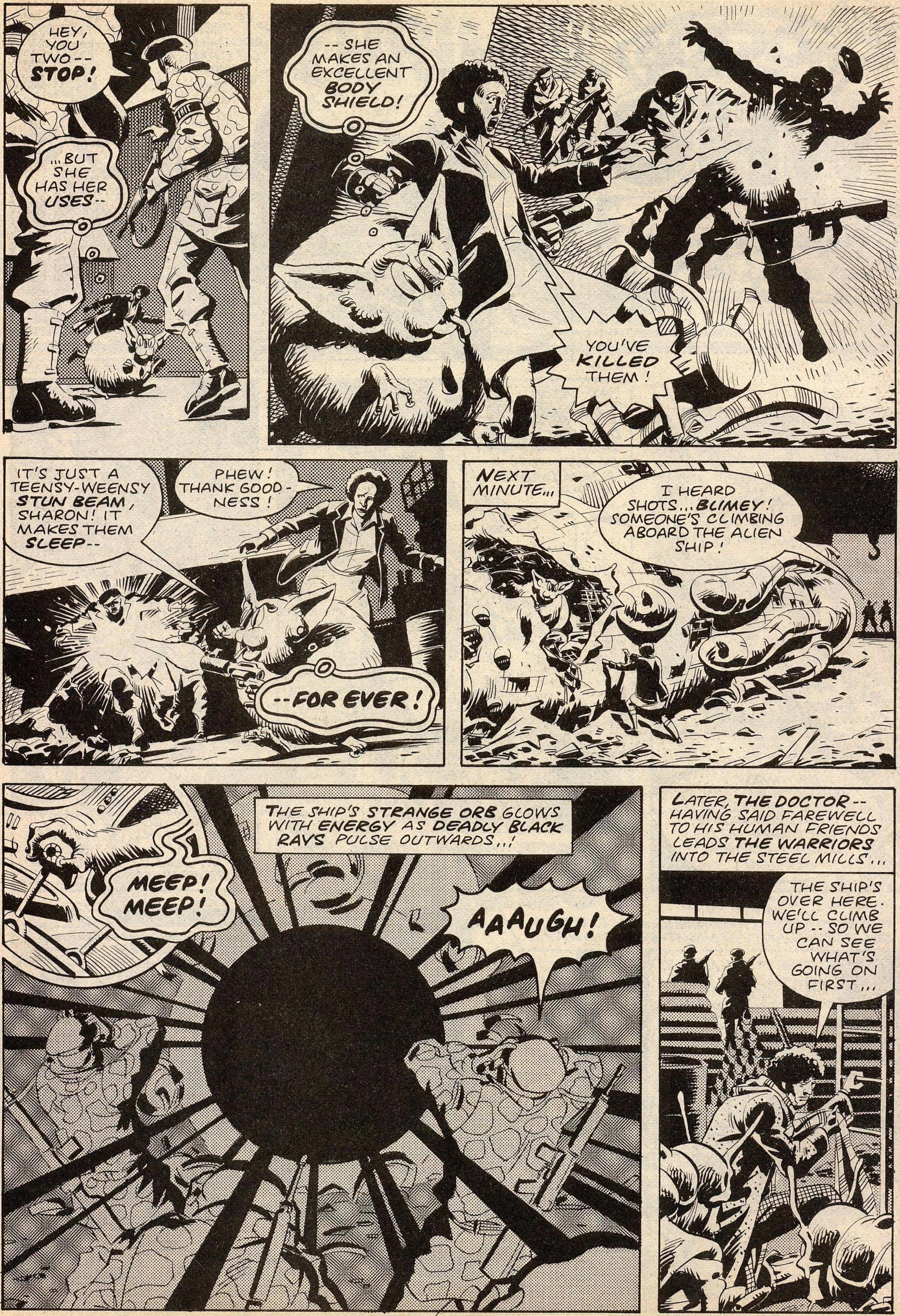
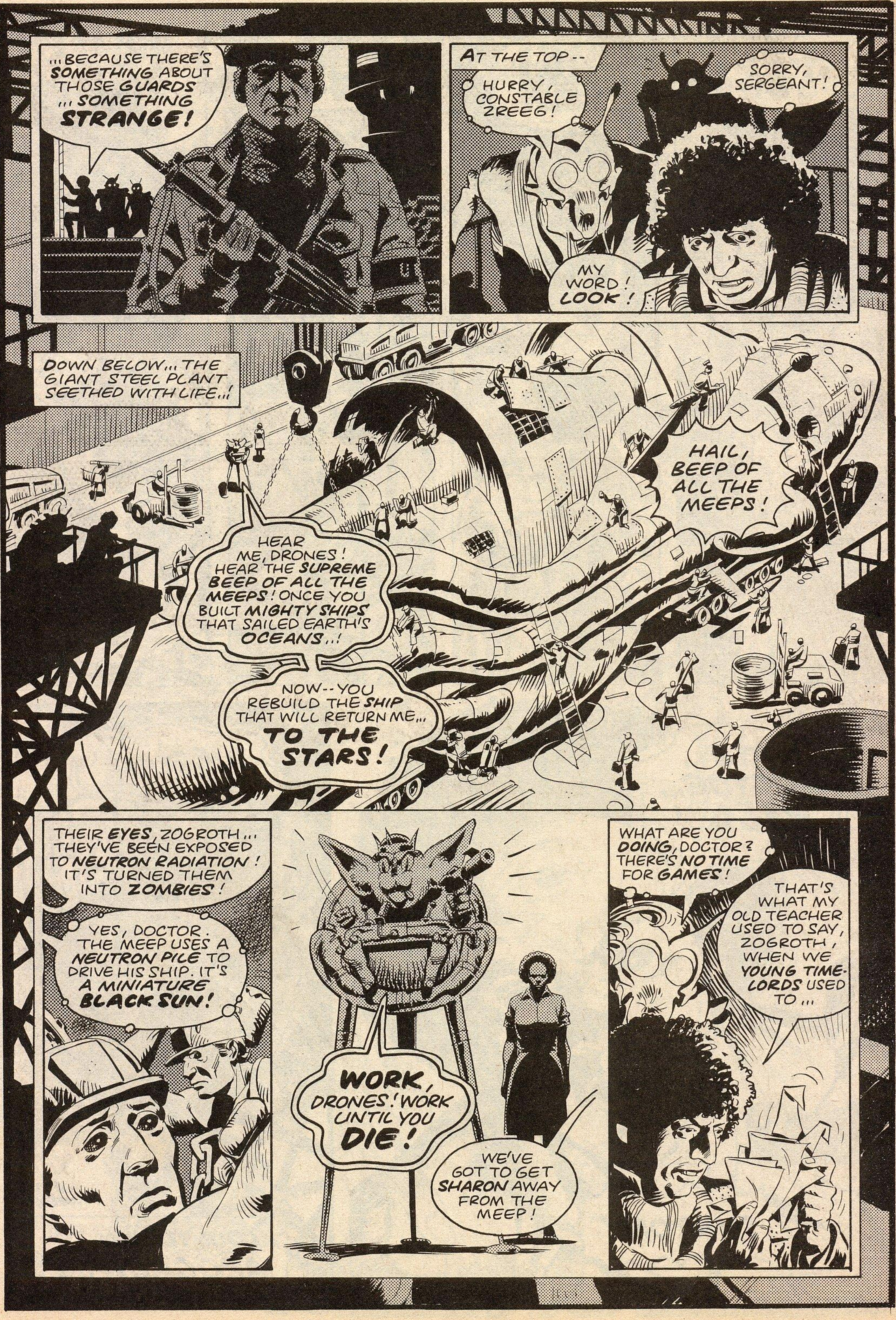
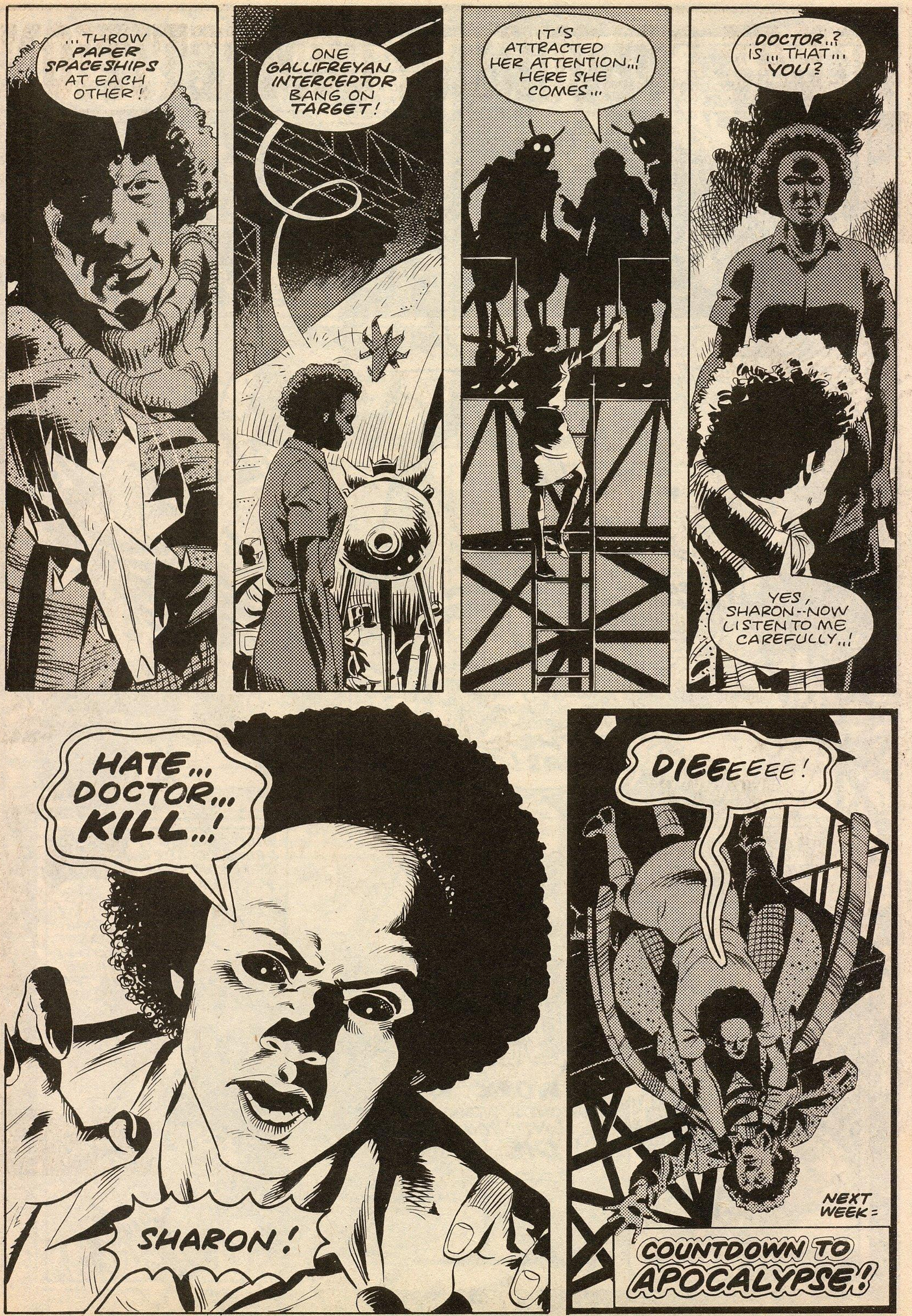

HEY, YOU TWO-- STOP!
...BUT SHE HAS HER USES--
--SHE MAKES AN EXCELLENT BODY SHIELD!
YOU'VE KILLED THEM!
IT'S JUST A TEENSY-WEENSY STUN BEAM, SHARON! IT MAKES THEM SLEEP--
PHEW! THANK GOODNESS!
--FOR EVER!
NEXT MINUTE...
I HEARD SHOTS... BLIMEY! SOMEONE'S CLIMBING ABOARD THE ALIEN SHIP!
THE SHIP'S STRANGE ORB GLOWS WITH ENERGY AS DEADLY BLACK RAYS PULSE OUTWARDS...!
MEEP! MEEP!
AAAUGH!
LATER, THE DOCTOR -- HAVING SAID FAREWELL TO HIS HUMAN FRIENDS LEADS THE WARRIORS INTO THE STEEL MILLS...
THE SHIP'S OVER HERE. WE'LL CLIMB UP -- SO WE CAN SEE WHAT'S GOING ON FIRST...


...BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE GUARDS ...SOMETHING STRANGE!
AT THE TOP--
HURRY, CONSTABLE ZREEG!
SORRY, SERGEANT!
MY WORD! LOOK!
DOWN BELOW... THE GIANT STEEL PLANT SEETHED WITH LIFE..!
HAIL, BEEP OF ALL THE MEEPS!
HEAR ME, DRONES! HEAR THE SUPREME BEEP OF ALL THE MEEPS! ONCE YOU BUILT MIGHTY SHIPS THAT SAILED EARTH'S OCEANS..!
NOW--YOU REBUILD THE SHIP THAT WILL RETURN ME... TO THE STARS!
THEIR EYES, ZOGROTH... THEY'VE BEEN EXPOSED TO NEUTRON RADIATION! IT'S TURNED THEM INTO ZOMBIES!
YES, DOCTOR. THE MEEP USES A NEUTRON PILE TO DRIVE HIS SHIP. IT'S A MINIATURE BLACK SUN!
WORK, DRONES! WORK UNTIL YOU DIE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET SHARON AWAY FROM THE MEEP!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, DOCTOR? THERE'S NO TIME FOR GAMES!
THAT'S WHAT MY OLD TEACHER USED TO SAY, ZOGROTH, WHEN WE YOUNG TIME-LORDS USED TO ...


...THROW PAPER SPACESHIPS AT EACH OTHER!
ONE GALLIFREYAN INTERCEPTOR BANG ON TARGET!
IT'S ATTRACTED HER ATTENTION..! HERE SHE COMES...
DOCTOR..? IS... THAT... YOU?
YES, SHARON--NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY..!
HATE... DOCTOR... KILL..!
SHARON!
DIEEEEEE!
NEXT WEEK:
COUNTDOWN TO APOCALYPSE!

# GREAT COLOURING COMPETITION!

. . . all you have to do is to colour in the picture below. Easy! So get out your pencils, crayons or felt pens, and send in your entries no later than April 9th to us at:

POSTER COMPETITION,
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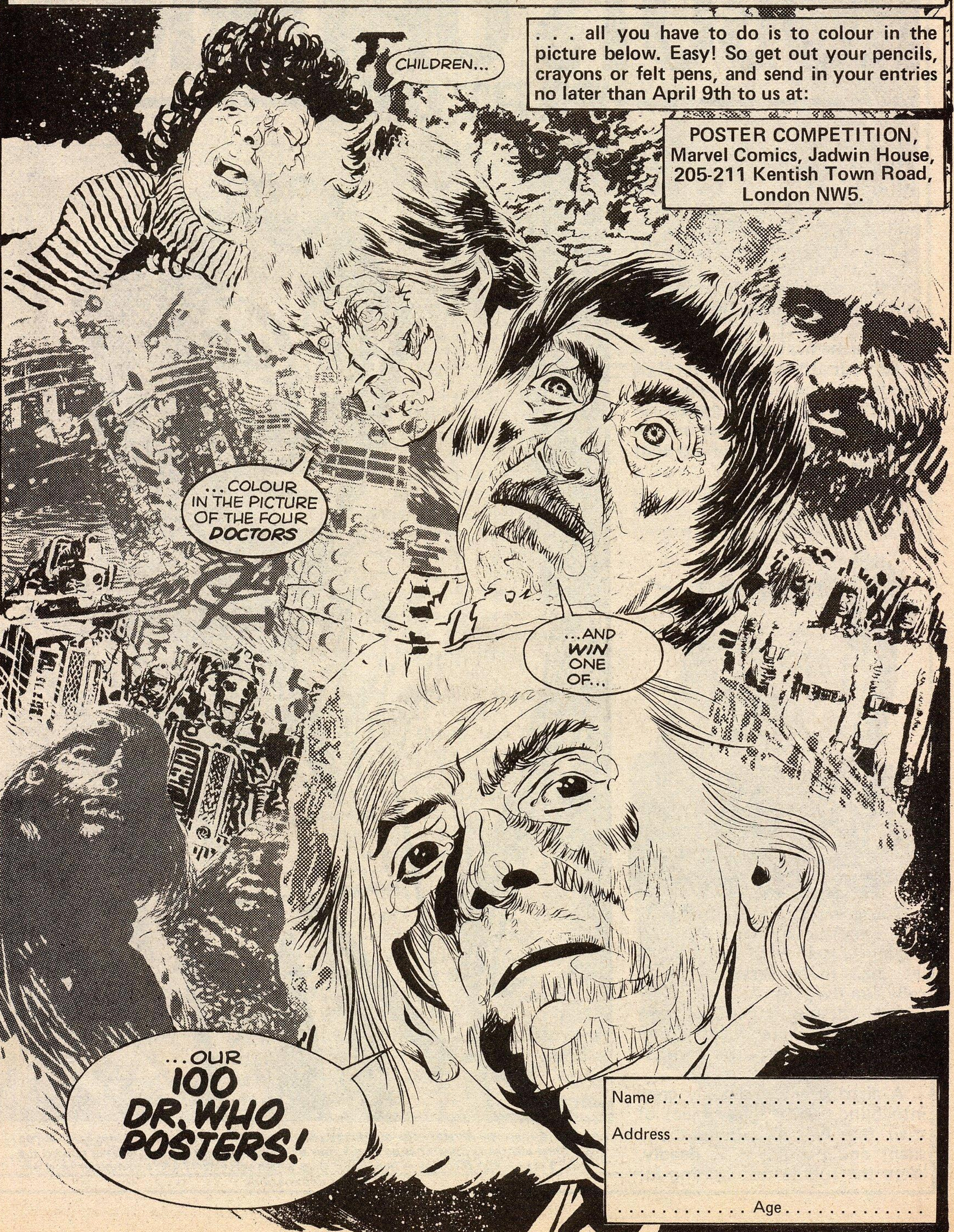
CHILDREN...
...COLOUR IN THE PICTURE OF THE FOUR *DOCTORS*
...AND *WIN* ONE OF...
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. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Age . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Lifeless, silent, terrifying and deadly. They are the . . .

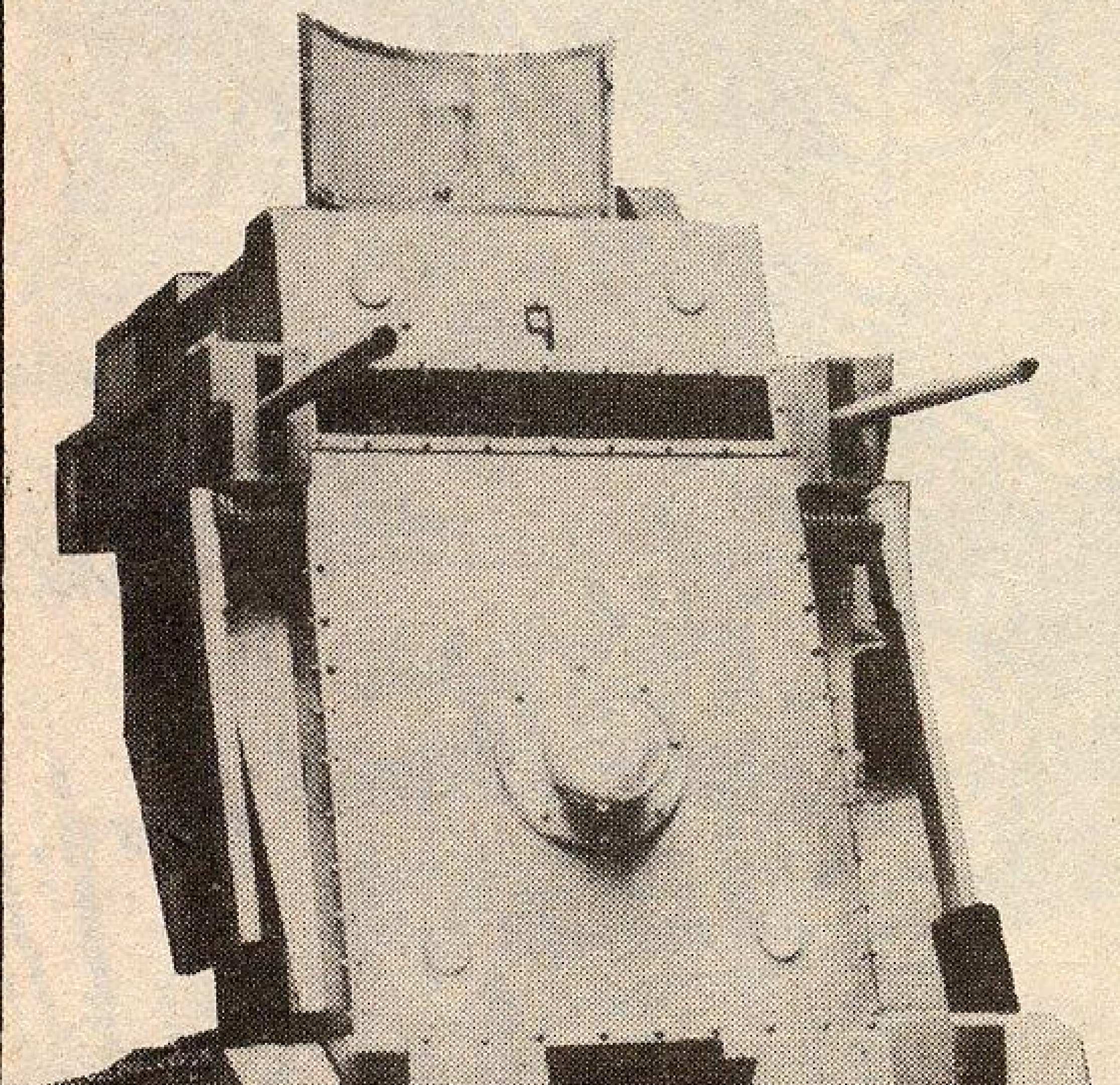
# ROBOTS OF TERROR

## PART ONE

Imagine life in the future. A life of ease and comfort. No boring tasks, no household chores. All those have been taken care of by . . . ROBOTS.

You may consider a life of ease like this as one you would like the opportunity to get use to (with perhaps a little time off for excercise!). But can you trust your mechanical servants?

As your atomic powered robot hands you your dinner, can you be certain that it has got everything right? Can you ever be sure what it is thinking behind that dull silver mask?



The crew of the Sandminer — an enormous underground mining vessel, were prepared to let their metal servants practically run the ship.

Yet, despite their apparent confidence, there were those who distrusted the robot servants.

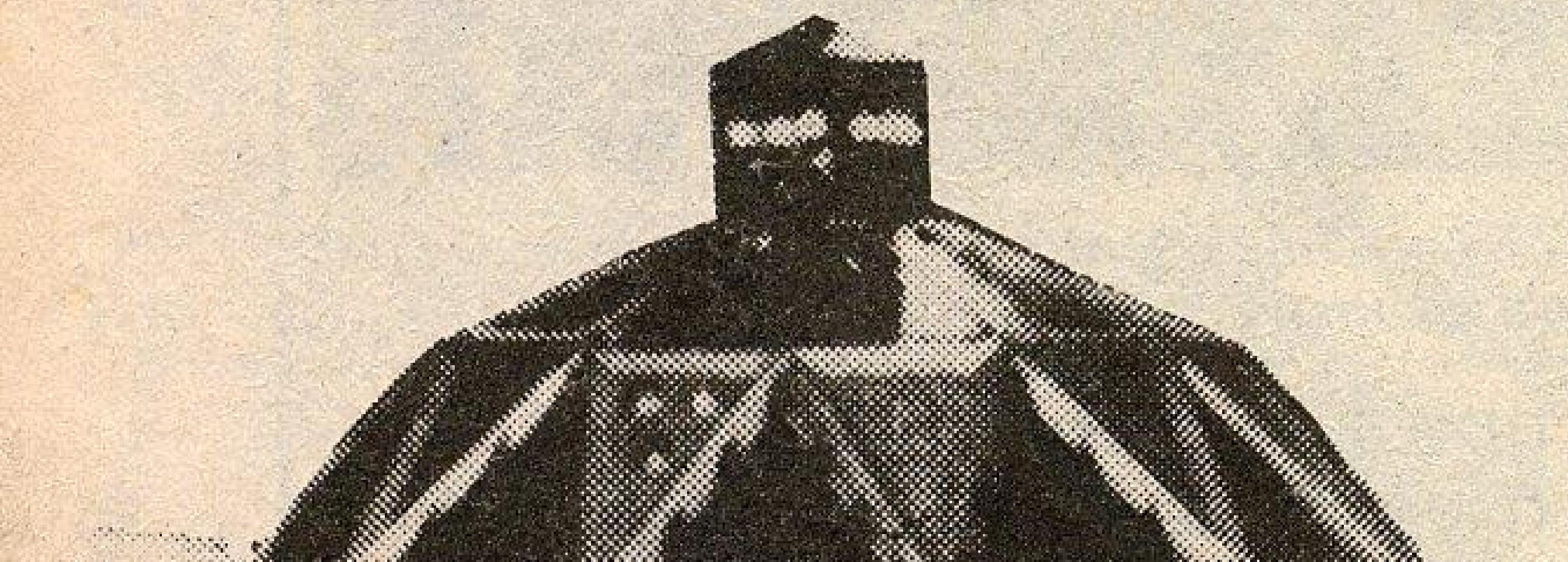
A distrust which quickly grew into blind terror! The object of their fear was all around them, silent and perhaps . . . **deadly**. Were the robots just waiting for

**Above:** *A macarbe mystery surrounds the servant robots on the giant, mobile Sand-Miner. Can these electronic machines be at the root of the savage murders committed aboard the ship?* **Left:** *A War Machine — deadly servants which serve WOTAN, a computer bent on world domination.*

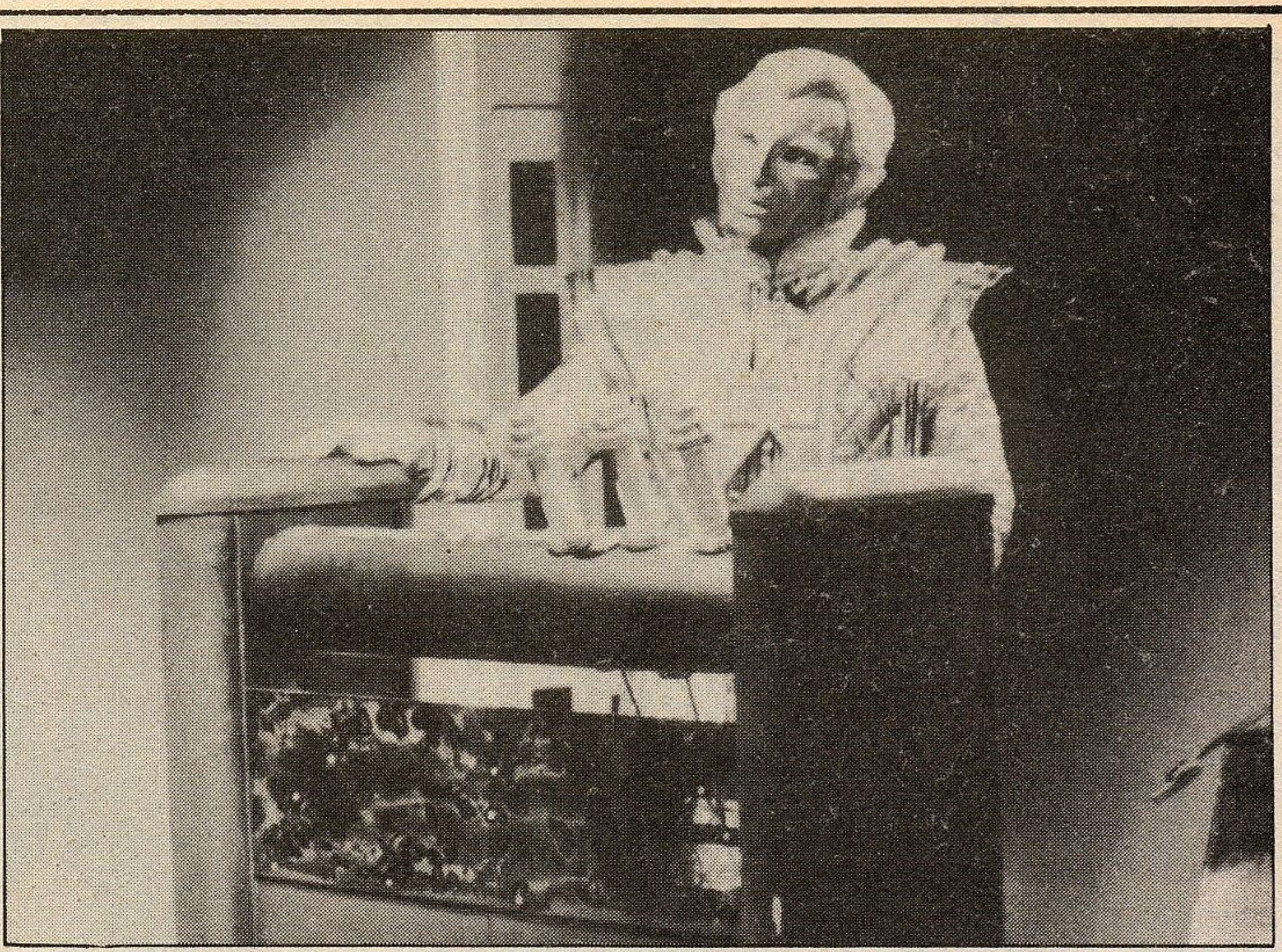
an opportune moment to entwine their crushing fingers around a flesh and blood neck? This seemingly illogical distrust of the precision-built computerised tin-heads was called Robophobia.

When driven to madness by his own Robophobia one of the crew members screamed "they're living, walking dead men!" They are creatures without emotions. Held within a totally inflexible frame, the walking pillars of hidden electronics can only communicate by the use of words.

Suddenly, one by one, the crew of the Sandminer were being murdered – coldly, mercilessly. The robots had turned on their masters. This startling revelation uncovered by the Doctor and Leela when they arrived aboard the vessel was almost too much for the robot-dependent humans. The Doctor realised that behind the robots killings, there had to be a human – tampering with and reprogramming their electronic brains.



This 1977 **Dr Who** adventure "The Robots of Death", was a successful and frightening continuation of a theme embarked upon in the earliest days of the programme's history. Everybody wanted to find a monster as popular as the Daleks (who incidentally appeared robotic but were really living creatures in electronic armour). Even creator Terry Nation attempted to better his effort by writing the bulky Mechanoids into the 1965 Dalek adventure, "The Chase". The metal monsters were armed robots built by humans to protect a vast metal city on the planet, Mechanus. When the Doctor and his companions sought refuge in the city, hotly pursued by a searching Dalek force – the Mechanoids and Daleks met!



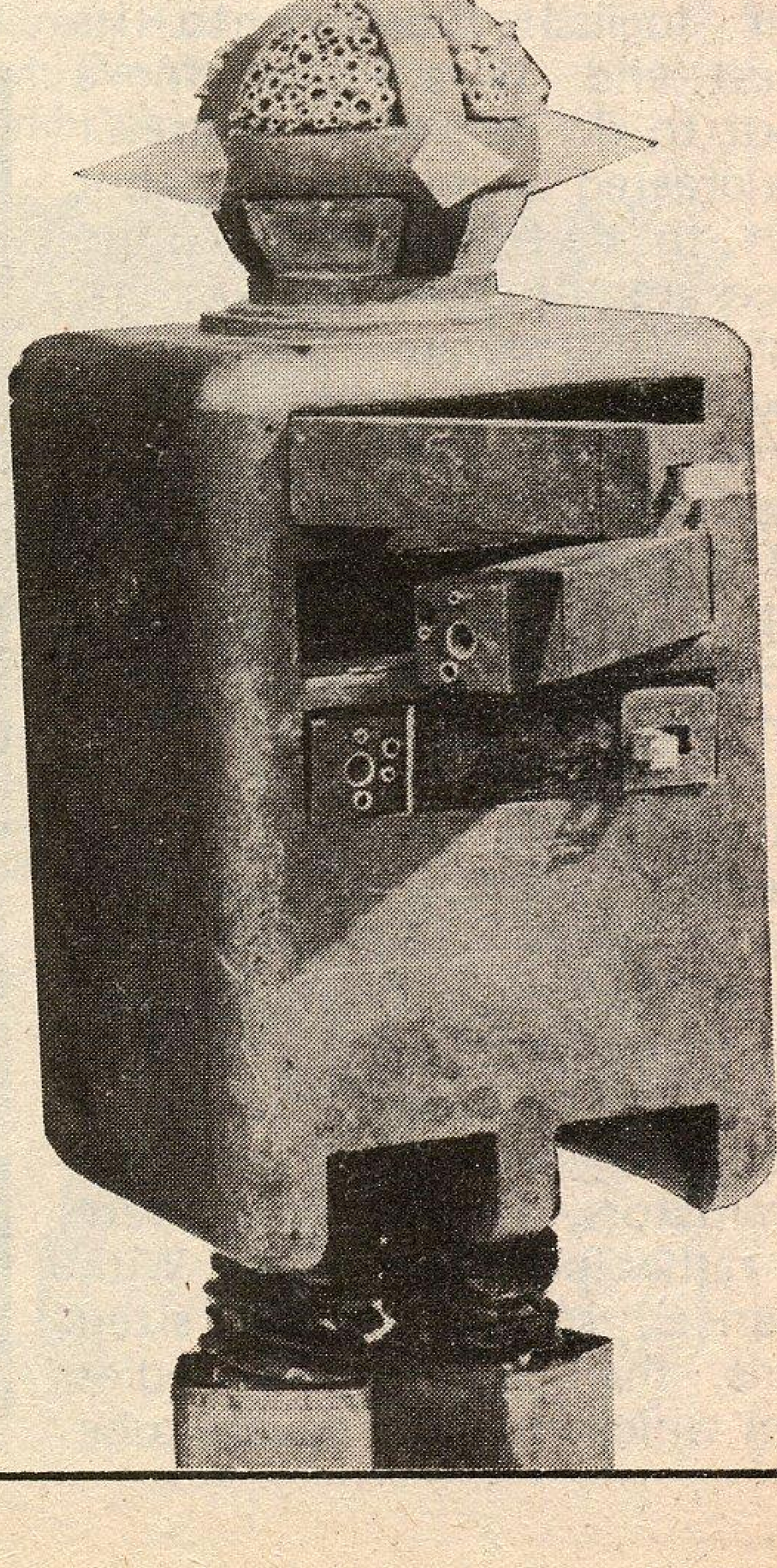
**Above:** *A Robot of Death, deadly silver servants who have been programmed to kill.* **Below left:** *Mechanoids, programmed robots who, if anything, are as dangerous as the Daleks.* **Below:** *A Quark, far more deadly than their appearance would suggest.*

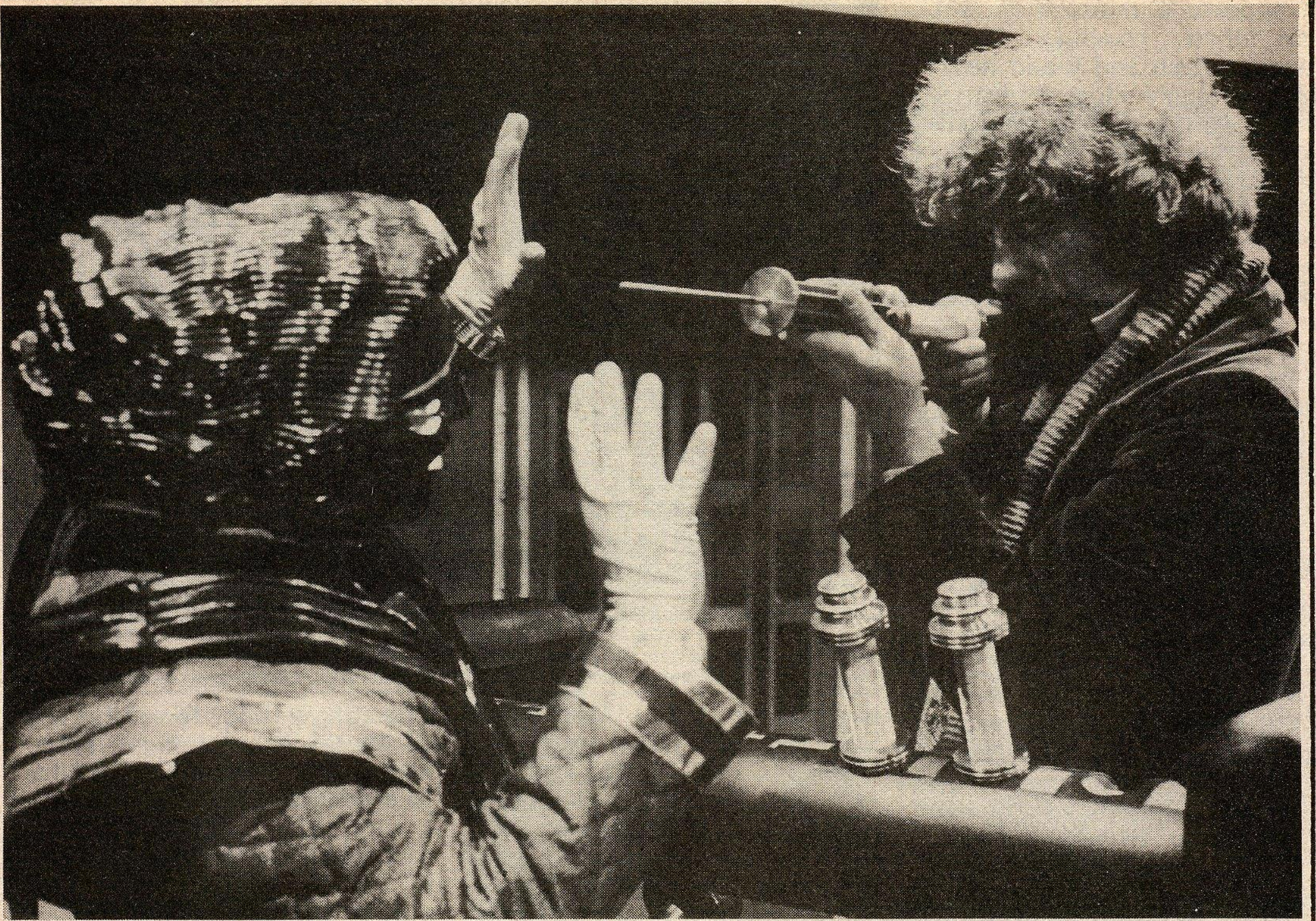
A battle raged in which both perished as the crippled city toppled to a crashing destruction.

Like most robots, the Mechanoids had a single function. Theirs was simply to protect the city. They would not have considered leaving it to pick a fight with the Daleks who, with living reasoning intelligence, longed for conquest.

The most basic robots that the Doctor met were practically computers on wheels . . . *War Machines!* These towering armoured constructions were armed with powerful weaponry including sledge-hammer arms. These were the servants of WOTAN – the computer inside the Post Office Tower that intended taking over the world as part of its progressive logical function.

Unlike humans, robots cannot display affection or entertain a sense of humour. Anyone expecting a robot to exhibit any of these feelings might better expect his electronic calculator to crack a joke half way through a sum! The robots in **Dr Who** that might appear to be working in cause of some evil, alien motive, showing an undisguisable



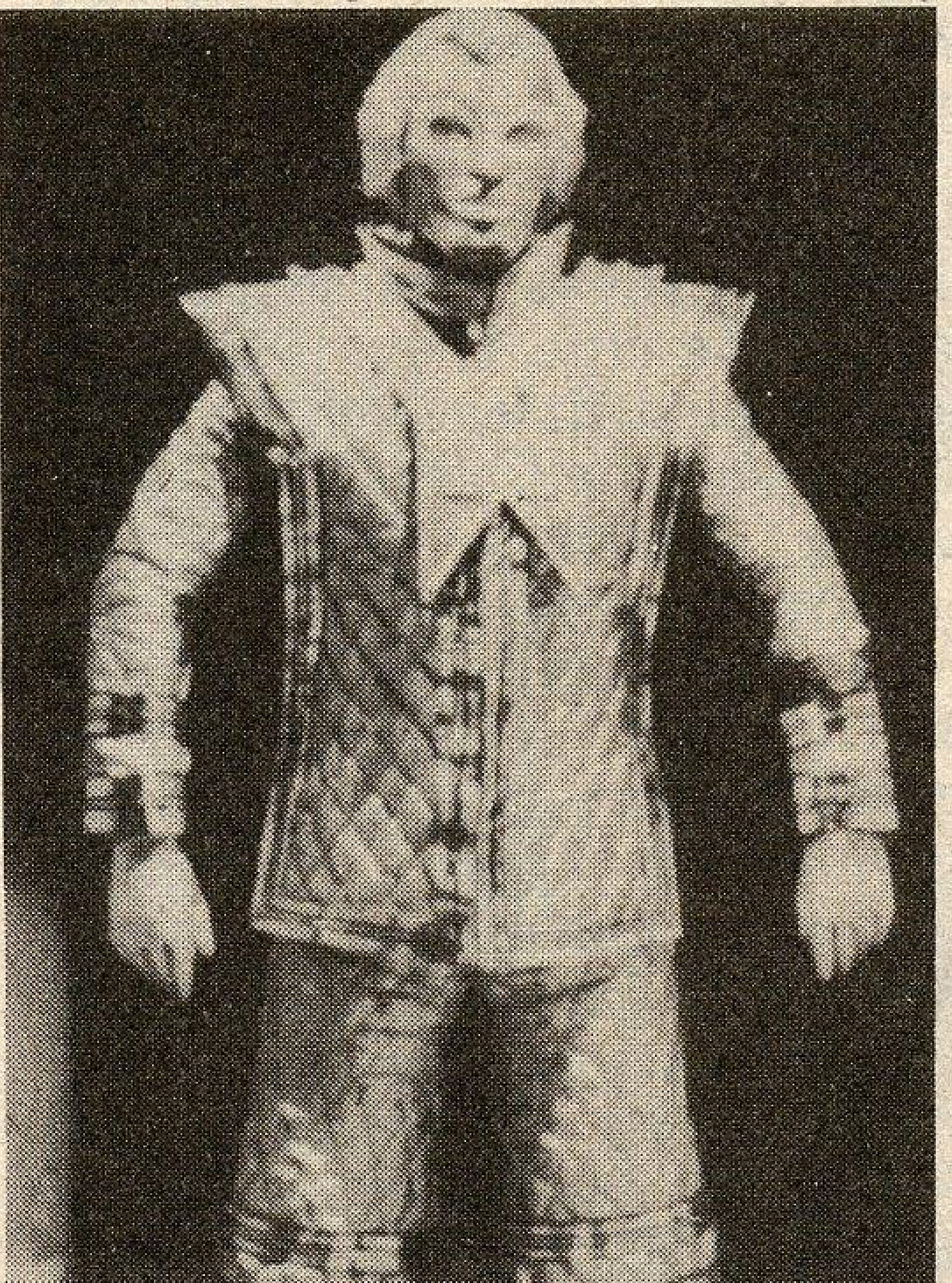


**Above:** *The Doctor (Tom Baker), at war against the deadly silver, mechanical monsters in the 1977 Dr Who adventure "The Robots of Death"*
**Below:** *The robots programmed never to harm humans, begin to turn against them.*

bent for total domination of others, are merely carrying out their logical function to its fullest end. It is logical for a robot to do its best in whatever it is created to do. Thus, a robot built to destroy something no longer required by its masters, might exaggerate its basic programming, duplicate itself to increase its output (however negative that output might be!) and then develop space travel so that it can spread its purpose across the universe. So have many intergalactic threats been spawned!

The Doctor in all his incarnations has encountered robots created for this sole purpose of the destruction or subjugation of other living species.

Helping to spread the grim-faced menace of the powerful Dominators, for example, were the rather peculiar Quarks. With spherical, spiked football sized heads, their box-shaped bodies from which sprouted square-tube weapons baring arms were almost comically carried upon shoe-box footed legs. Their threat, however, was anything but light-hearted as under orders of their male humanoid masters, the Quarks attempted to blow to fragments the planet occupied by the peace-loving Dulcians.



Quarks, Mechanoids, War Machines — robots in the sense that we understand them, able only to serve. Mechanical servants who can pose a terrifying threat. Servants who obey, without question, the most hideous evil forces that the universe holds!

**Next: AUTONS**
**ANDROIDS**
**CHUMBLIES**
**AND MORE!**

# CRAZY CAPTION 24

**£5 TO BE WON!**

Here it is captioneers! Your chance to win £5 in our zany, crazy caption competition! Just think of the funniest line you can to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less). Ten signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor will go to the ten runners-up. Send your entries — **on postcards only please** — postmarked no later than March 30th, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 24
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

This week and every week, we'll be publishing the name of the lucky winner and his/her winning caption. So watch this page — it might be you!

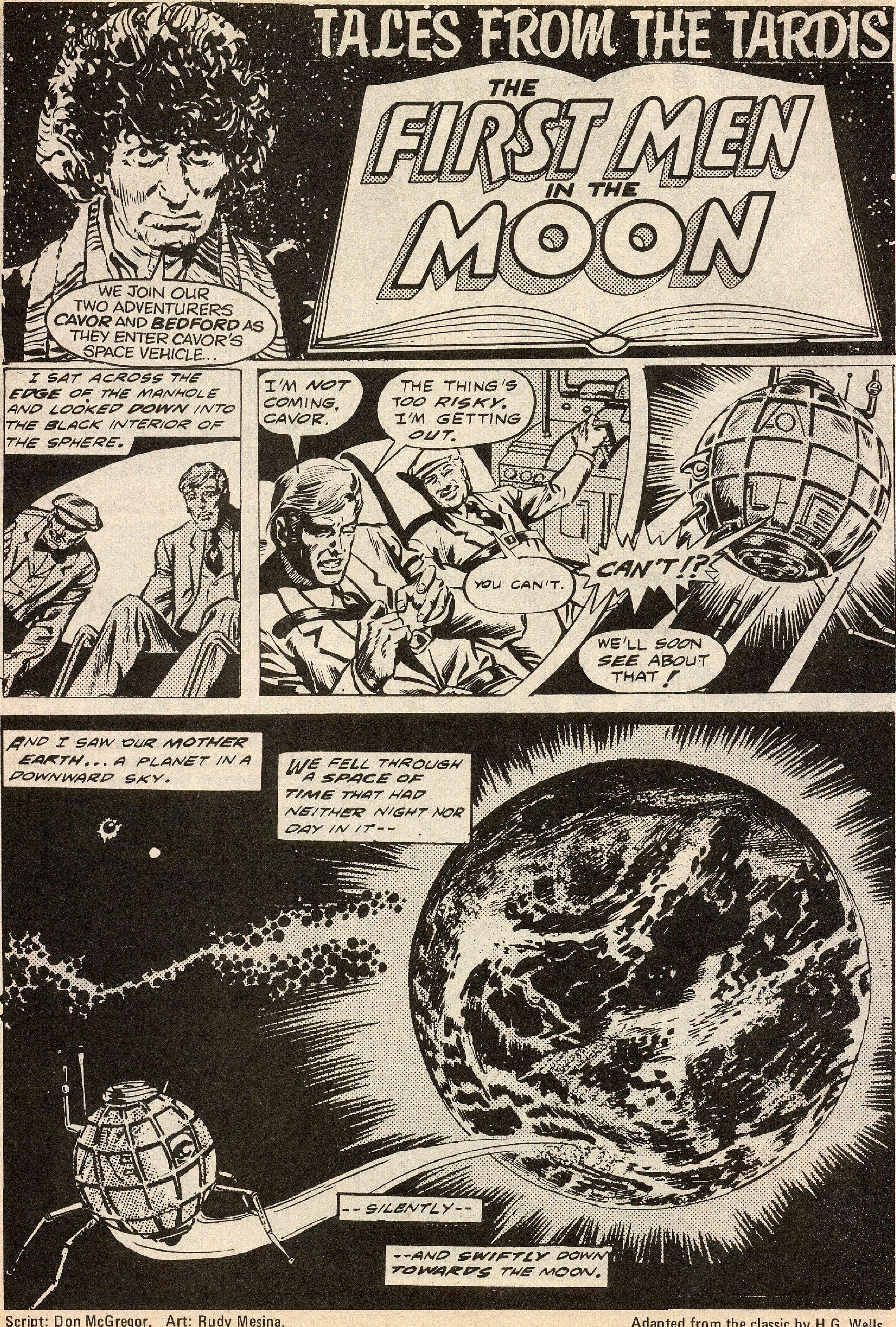
## RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 18
## THE WINNER:

Gavin Ledwith from Sunderland wins £5 for his caption printed below.

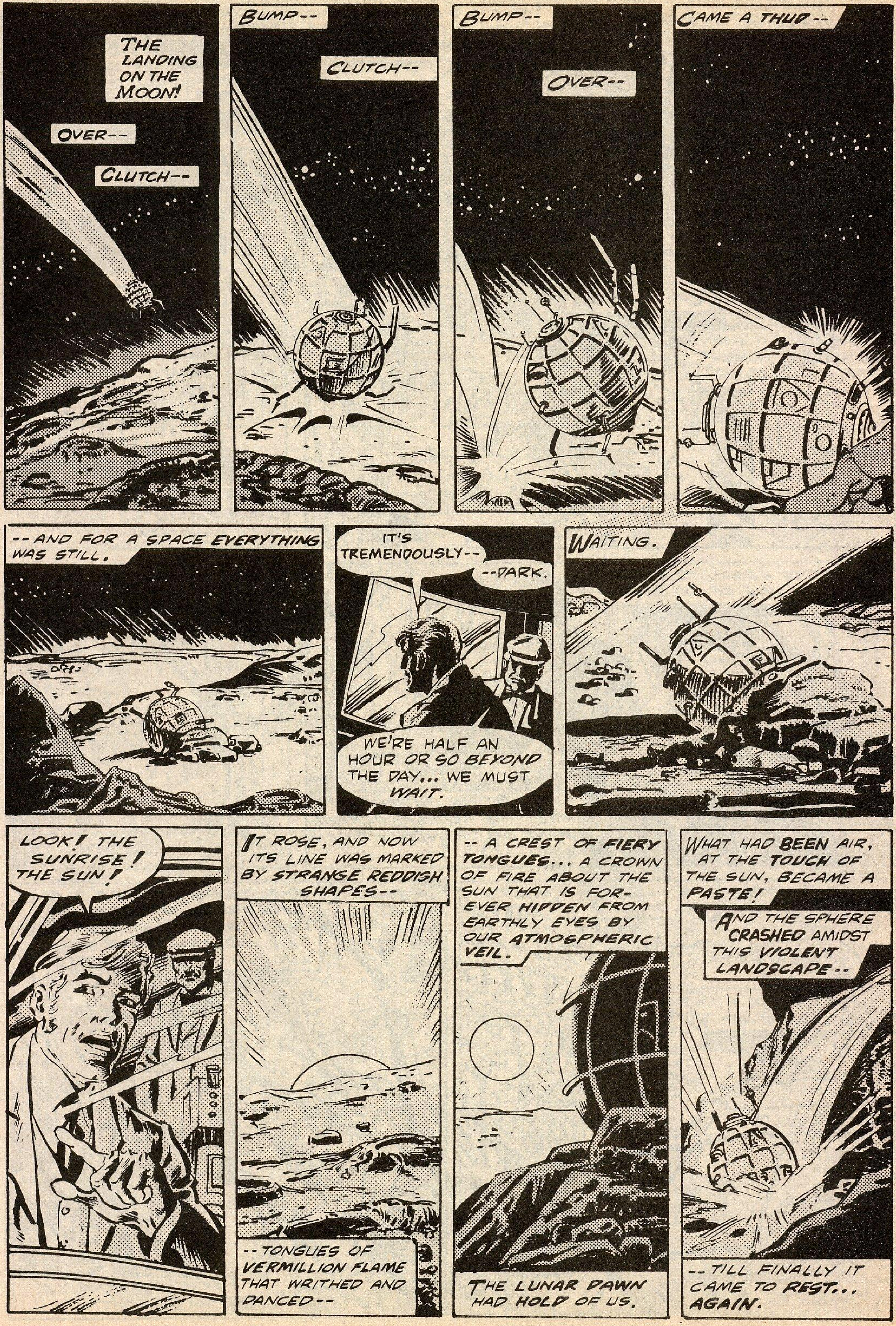
The ten runners-up will receive signed photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor:

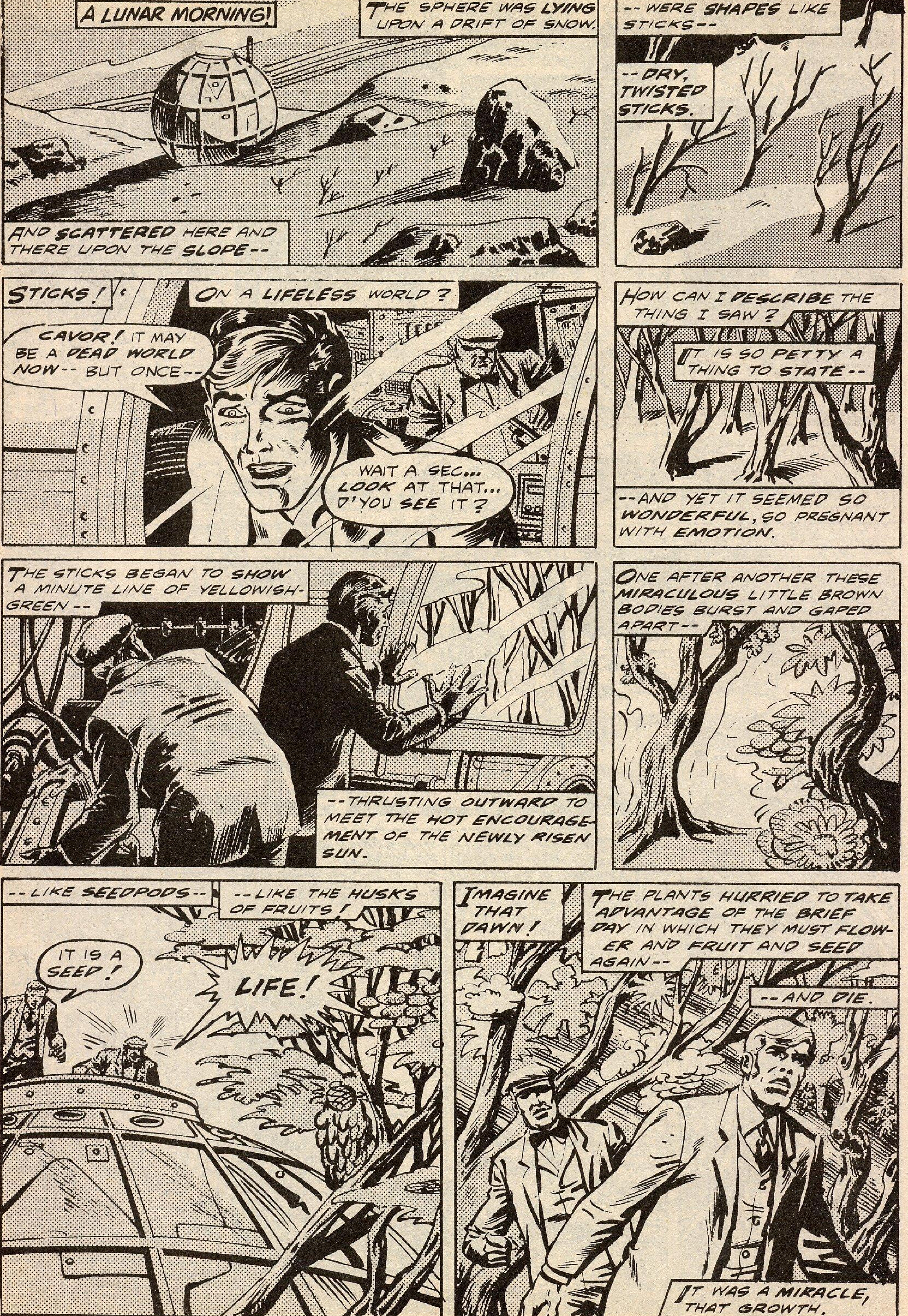
Sandra Simpson from Hexham;
Anthony Lydon from Kirby;
L. Dowis from Edinburgh;
David Tarrington from Hornchurch;
Nicholas Kirk from Ilkeston;
Simon Horton from Walsall;
Lindsey Gall from Orpington;
Kenneth Hardman from Poyton;
David Devine from Glasgow;
David Robertson from Glasgow.

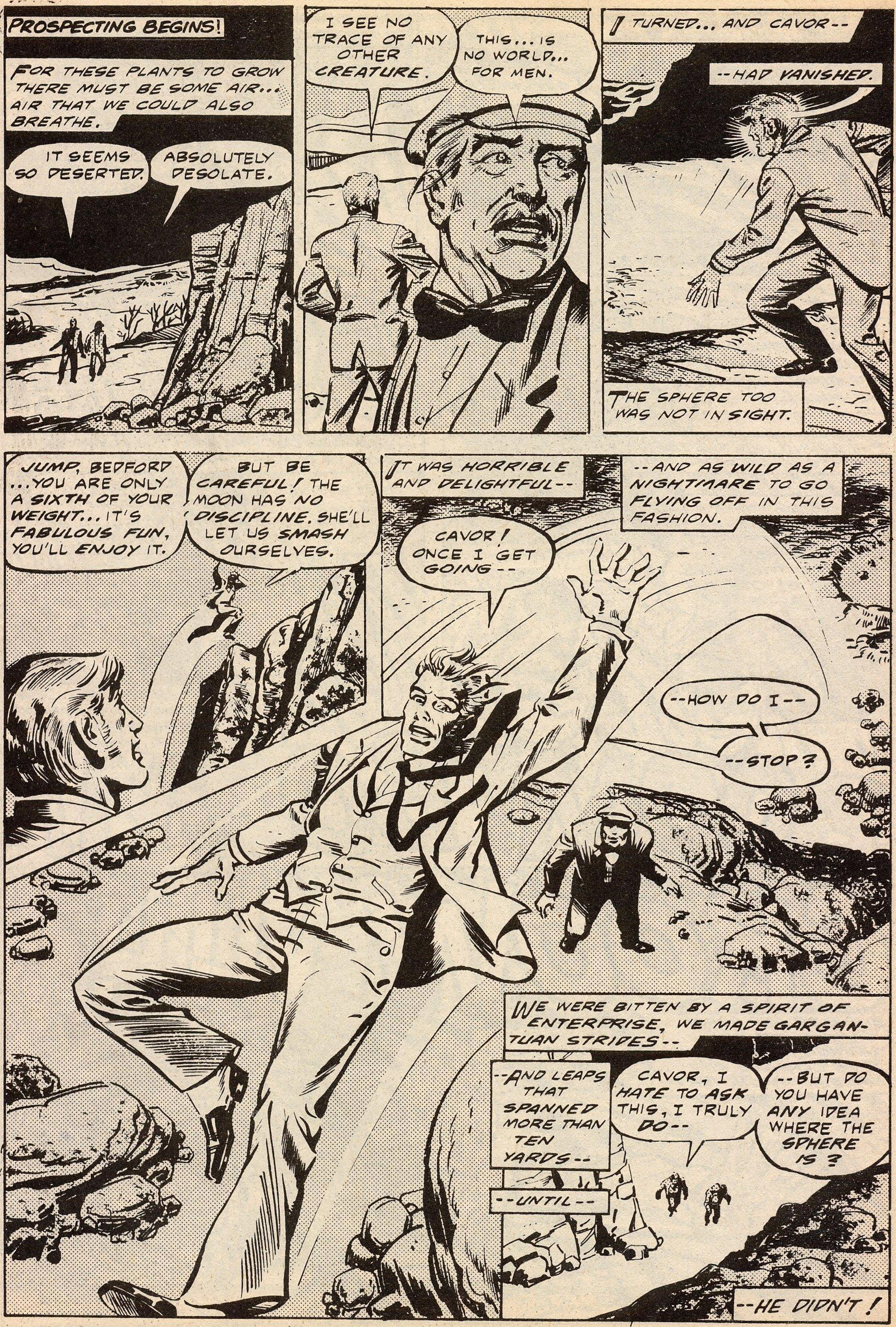
YEE NEVA WAS ANY GUID AT THE HIGHLAND FLING WUS YEE, *WULLY?*


TALES FROM THE TARDIS
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON
WE JOIN OUR TWO ADVENTURERS CAVOR AND BEDFORD AS THEY ENTER CAVOR'S SPACE VEHICLE...
I SAT ACROSS THE EDGE OF THE MANHOLE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE BLACK INTERIOR OF THE SPHERE.
I'M NOT COMING, CAVOR.
THE THING'S TOO RISKY. I'M GETTING OUT.
YOU CAN'T.
CAN'T!?
WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!
AND I SAW OUR MOTHER EARTH... A PLANET IN A DOWNWARD SKY.
WE FELL THROUGH A SPACE OF TIME THAT HAD NEITHER NIGHT NOR DAY IN IT--
--SILENTLY--
--AND SWIFTLY DOWN TOWARDS THE MOON.

Script: Don McGregor. Art: Rudy Mesina. Adapted from the classic by H.G. Wells


THE LANDING ON THE MOON!
OVER--
CLUTCH--
BUMP--
CLUTCH--
BUMP--
OVER--
CAME A THUD--
--AND FOR A SPACE EVERYTHING WAS STILL.
IT'S TREMENDOUSLY--
--DARK.
WE'RE HALF AN HOUR OR SO BEYOND THE DAY... WE MUST WAIT.
WAITING.
LOOK! THE SUNRISE! THE SUN!
IT ROSE, AND NOW ITS LINE WAS MARKED BY STRANGE REDDISH SHAPES--
--TONGUES OF VERMILLION FLAME THAT WRITHED AND DANCED--
-- A CREST OF FIERY TONGUES... A CROWN OF FIRE ABOUT THE SUN THAT IS FOREVER HIDDEN FROM EARTHLY EYES BY OUR ATMOSPHERIC VEIL.
THE LUNAR DAWN HAD HOLD OF US.
WHAT HAD BEEN AIR, AT THE TOUCH OF THE SUN, BECAME A PASTE!
AND THE SPHERE CRASHED AMIDST THIS VIOLENT LANDSCAPE--
--TILL FINALLY IT CAME TO REST... AGAIN.


A LUNAR MORNING!
THE SPHERE WAS LYING UPON A DRIFT OF SNOW.
AND SCATTERED HERE AND THERE UPON THE SLOPE--
--WERE SHAPES LIKE STICKS--
--DRY, TWISTED STICKS.
STICKS!
ON A LIFELESS WORLD?
CAVOR! IT MAY BE A DEAD WORLD NOW-- BUT ONCE--
WAIT A SEC... LOOK AT THAT... D'YOU SEE IT?
HOW CAN I DESCRIBE THE THING I SAW?
IT IS SO PETTY A THING TO STATE--
--AND YET IT SEEMED SO WONDERFUL, SO PREGNANT WITH EMOTION.
THE STICKS BEGAN TO SHOW A MINUTE LINE OF YELLOWISH-GREEN--
--THRUSTING OUTWARD TO MEET THE HOT ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE NEWLY RISEN SUN.
ONE AFTER ANOTHER THESE MIRACULOUS LITTLE BROWN BODIES BURST AND GAPED APART--
--LIKE SEEDPODS--
--LIKE THE HUSKS OF FRUITS!
IT IS A SEED!
LIFE!
IMAGINE THAT DAWN!
THE PLANTS HURRIED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BRIEF DAY IN WHICH THEY MUST FLOWER AND FRUIT AND SEED AGAIN--
--AND DIE.
IT WAS A MIRACLE, THAT GROWTH.


PROSPECTING BEGINS!
FOR THESE PLANTS TO GROW THERE MUST BE SOME AIR... AIR THAT WE COULD ALSO BREATHE.
IT SEEMS SO DESERTED.
ABSOLUTELY DESOLATE.
I SEE NO TRACE OF ANY OTHER CREATURE.
THIS... IS NO WORLD... FOR MEN.
I TURNED... AND CAVOR --
--HAD VANISHED.
THE SPHERE TOO WAS NOT IN SIGHT.
JUMP, BEDFORD ...YOU ARE ONLY A SIXTH OF YOUR WEIGHT... IT'S FABULOUS FUN, YOU'LL ENJOY IT.
BUT BE CAREFUL! THE MOON HAS NO DISCIPLINE. SHE'LL LET US SMASH OURSELVES.
IT WAS HORRIBLE AND DELIGHTFUL--
--AND AS WILD AS A NIGHTMARE TO GO FLYING OFF IN THIS FASHION.
CAVOR! ONCE I GET GOING --
--HOW DO I--
--STOP?
WE WERE BITTEN BY A SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE, WE MADE GARGANTUAN STRIDES--
--AND LEAPS THAT SPANNED MORE THAN TEN YARDS--
--UNTIL--
CAVOR, I HATE TO ASK THIS, I TRULY DO--
--BUT DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE THE SPHERE IS?
--HE DIDN'T!

LOST MEN IN THE MOON!
WELL... WE LEFT IT...
SOMEWHERE...
IT CAME FROM BENEATH OUR FEET, A SOUND IN THE GROUND.
WE SEEMED TO HEAR IT WITH OUR FEET AS MUCH AS WITH OUR EARS.
SUBTERRANEAN! BELOW!
YEAH, WELL CAVOR, WHATEVER'S MAKING THE SOUND COULD... COME OUT, YOU KNOW?
AND EVEN AS WE STOOD THERE, WE BECAME AWARE OF A SOUND UPON THE MOON!
BOOM! BOOM!
THE SOUND WAS SUGGESTIVE OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN CROWDED CITIES--
--OF VIGILS AND THE AWAITED HOUR--
--OF ALL THAT IS ORDERLY AND METHODICAL IN LIFE--
WE MUST GET BACK TO THE SPHERE. THIS IS BEYOND OUR UNDERSTANDING.
--BOOMING OUT PREGNANT AND MYSTERIOUS IN THIS FANTASTIC DESERT GROWTH!
THAT'S FINE, CAVOR... BUT WHICH WAY DO WE GO?
TAKE... YOUR PICK!
AND THOUGH IT ALL... A WARNING... A THREAT ...THROBBED THIS ENIGMA OF SOUND.
BOOM! BOOM!
GROOWWLLLL!
AND EVER AND AGAIN CAME GUSTS OF TURMOIL... HAMMERING ...THE CLANGING AND THROB OF MACHINERY--
--AND PRESENTLY--
--THE BELLOWING OF GREAT BEASTS!

NEXT WEEK: CAPTURED BY THE SELENITES!

# WHO CARES!

*Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters — and photos — to print so let's get straight into them . . .*

Dear Doctor,

I have watched your television programme for some years and I think it's just great!

One thing that I would really like to know is if you are still UNIT's scientific advisor. I was wondering this because you are not stuck on Earth anymore!

**John Griffith, Dudley.**

*Of course I am, my dear chap! Just because I spend most of my time whizzing around the universe, it doesn't mean that I don't care what happens to you lot back on Earth!*

*But I do need all the help I can get, which is why I've asked the Ministry if you readers can join UNIT.*

*Coming soon in* **Dr Who Weekly** *is your chance to join the Taskforce. Aliens watch out!*

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

The Dalek Killer is a great anti-hero! I hope that he will soon be returning to do battle with the Daleks again.

**David Warren, Walsall.**

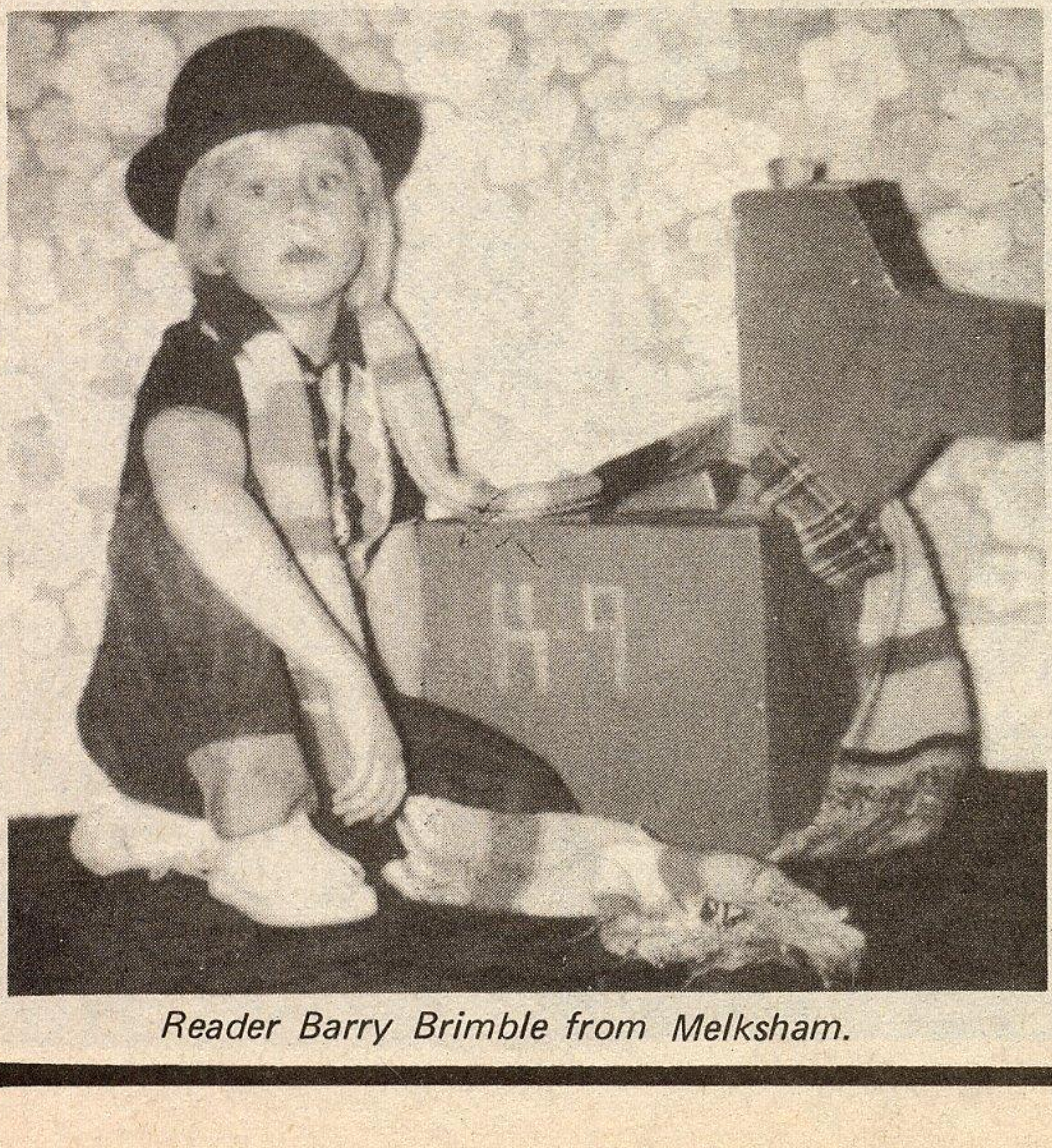
Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

First of all let me say how much I enjoy your magazine.

Now to the main point of my letter. Please could you have a sequel to the comic strip about Abslom Daak — Dalek Killer. After all, he did vow to kill every Dalek in the galaxy, so there must be a lot of adventures in store for him!

**Steven Lincoln, Romford.**

*Don't worry Steven and David, Abslom Daak is soon to return to avenge the death of Princess Taiyin. Armed with his mighty chainsword, he'll kill quite a few more Daleks yet!*



*Reader Barry Brimble from Melksham.*

*Reader Jason Cain from Liverpool.*

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

I am writing to you about your **Dr Who Weekly** comic. My father has just arrived home from a trip to your country. (He goes every year) I had asked him to see if he could find anything on **Dr Who** over there, because the things that are available here are very limited.

This is where you come in! He had found some **Doctor Who Weekly**'s (eight to be exact) and I was thrilled to say the least about receiving them! I have mulled them over since I haven't had time to read them all through since last night. I see that you like to hear comments about the magazine so here are a few.

The comic strips are done really well and with a lot of imagination, an excellent part of the magazine!

The various bits of information are also excellent! These articles are full of great info on things that I could never find out here in Canada. I also like the bits on the first **Doctor Who** programmes!

**Michelle Surette, Hamilton, Canada.**

Dear Doctor,

A fantastic magazine. The only word I could think of to describe **Dr Who Weekly**.

The artistry is great and so are the stories. I especially like the old **Dr Who** stories and the wonderful pictures.

On the whole a marvellous comic for 12p. Thank all concerned with **Dr Who Weekly** for shortening the gap between the last series and the next. Now I can read my comic and get ready for the programme.

**David Allen, Birmingham.**

*Reader Bryan Halford from Swindon.*

Dear **Dr Who Weekly**,

I am writing to tell you that your Zarbi story was marvellous.

It is a great pity that the Zarbi and other creatures like the Sea Devils, Autons, Yeti, Ogrons and Zygons *never* return on the BBC episodes of **Dr Who**, although the Daleks have been well represented up to now.

I wish we could see the Autons return in some future feature in your **Dr Who Weekly**, as they really are the most frightening monsters of all!

**Nigel Goldfinch, Swindon.**

**Who Cares!**
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish
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London NW5.

DOCTOR WHO

## STORY EIGHTEEN

# GALAXY FOUR

## PART ONE

This four part adventure was first shown on BBC television on September 11th, 1965.

The sight that greeted the Doctor, Vicki and Steven as they gazed out of the TARDIS scanner was not a cheerful one. It seemed they had landed on a totally desolate world.

Parched trees, cracked earth, and the merciless heat from three suns overhead gave the time-travellers the impression this was a lifeless planet.

Just then, a metallic scraping sound came from the TARDIS exterior. The Doctor adjusted the back and a strange being came into view. A small robot was wobbling around outside. Vicki laughed:

"It's a Chumbly!" she said.

"Very apt," mused the Doctor as he watched the robot trundle away unsteadily — antennae extended as if obeying a transmitted signal. "However, conditions outside will support us, so I suggest we follow that little fellow . . . My curiosity has been aroused."

Picking their way carefully between out crops and volcanic rock the three travellers followed the robot's tracks. Tracks which led to a trap . . .

For next minute, they found themselves facing a second Chumbly, armed with a deadly laser-gun! They had no choice but to take the path it indicated. For several miles the machine herded them forward. **WHOOSH!** passing beneath a spur of rock, a metal mesh dropped over its

squat frame and the Chumbly ground to a halt.

From amongst the rocks a group of strange women appeared. Tall and Amazon-like, their faces bore an expressionless stare. One of them pointed silently to the horizon — three more Chumblies were heading towards them. Signalling for the time-travellers to follow, the women hurried off.

Up steep rocks they clambered, paused at the brink of the rise and stopped to point the way ahead. The Doctor gasped in amazement. A huge space-craft lay stranded on the rocks like a beached whale. Gaping holes had been torn in the sides — obviously it would never fly again!

A woman came towards them with a sign of greeting.

"I am Maaga," she said. "Leader of these people. We are Drahvins."

The Doctor could not help noticing that they all looked remarkably similar.

"Those robots are controlled by our enemies, the Rills," continued Maaga. "They attacked our ship as we passed this planet. We fired on their ship in turn, and both craft crash-landed here."

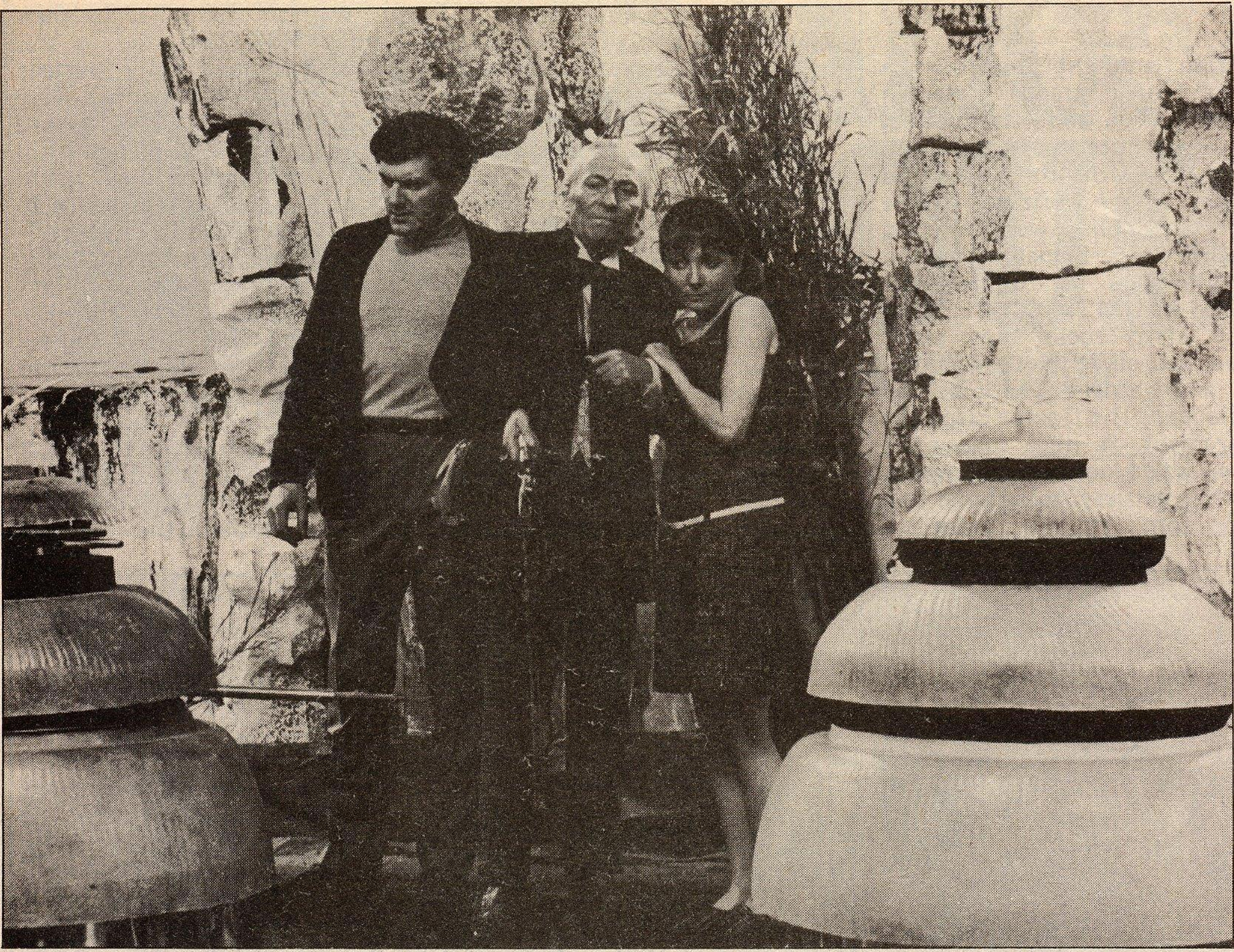
Maaga paused, a sad look on her face. "Even then, the Rills continued to make a war. One of my warriors was killed by their robots. Now they tell us this planet is doomed. Only fourteen days to total destruction. They promised us sanctuary aboard their repaired ship — but it's a trick! Once aboard they would kill us all! Our only escape is to capture their craft."

She looked up at the Doctor. "And you must help us do it!"

The Doctor stood in thoughtful silence. "The first thing we must do," he finally said, "is to make sure the Rills are right about the fate of this planet. That means consulting the Astral Map in the TARDIS. So if you will allow us to go back?"

"Very well, but the girl stays

**Left:** The beautiful but deadly Maaga (Stephanie Bidmead) with her cloned warriors.
**Above:** The Drahvins encounter the dangerous robot servants of their mortal enemies — the Rills.



The Doctor (William Hartnell), Steven (Peter Purves) and Vicki (Maureen O'Brien) are captured by a strange group of robots. Vicki nicknames them the "Chumblies", but the travellers soon discover that the creatures are far more dangerous than their appearance suggests.

with us," said Maaga pointing to Vicki. "I am sorry, but in our position we can trust no one. We need an assurance that you will return."

After reassuring Vicki that she would be safe Steven and the Doctor started on the long trek back to the TARDIS.

At the landing-zone, they watched from behind a rock as a Chumbly bussled around the time-machine, trying to cut a way in with a laser beam. The Doctor smiled to himself – he knew the TARDIS could withstand a laser – and much more. Sure enough, after several minutes the robot scuttled away.

The Doctor let Steven in with his key and made straight for the Chart-room. Some time later he emerged, his face grim.

"What is it?" Asked Steven.

"The Rills are right," replied the Doctor "except for one detail. The planet doesn't have fourteen days left . . . It only has two!"

Vicki looked out onto the planet's barren surface from the observation part in the Drahvin ship. She turned to Maaga.

"It's unusual to see a spacecraft operated solely by women," she said.

### A DOOMED PLANET!

"Amongst the crew I am the only true Drahvin," replied Maaga. "The others are clones, copies created in a laboratory. They only have a basic intelligence."

Maaga indicated the crew members as they performed various tasks in silence.

"Mainly they just do as they're told" she said.

Vicki turned back to watch one of the suns sinking below the horizon – and shivered as a chill crept along her spine.

"Oh Doctor," she thought "please, please come back."

GALAXY FOUR Credits

The Doctor *(William Hartnell)*; Vicki *(Maureen O'Brien)*; Steven Taylor *(Peter Purves)*; Maaga *(Stephanie Bidmead)*;
Written by *William Emms*;
Directed by *Derek Martinus*;
Produced by *Verity Lambert*.

## Next Week: THE RILLS ATTACK!

# DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

## Entry Number Twenty Four:~MICHAEL CRAZE

*BORN:* 1942
*ROLE:* Ben Jackson
*YEARS:* 1966 to 1967
*MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCE:* **The King and I** (as a boy soprano).
*MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES:* **Spare the Rod** (1961), **Journey into the Unknown** (1975).
*MAJOR TV APPEARANCES:* **Z Cars; Crossroads; The Linden Tree.**

*SPECIAL MENTION:* Merchant seaman Ben Jackson and his fellow companion Polly (Anneke Wills) came aboard the TARDIS in 1966 at a time when Britain was making a name for itself as the home of swinging society. Both Ben and Polly were stereotype characters. Polly was given the mini-skirted, long blond hair image, while Ben was the cockney working class hero of the kind made popular overnight by the rise of film star Michael Caine.

It was while working on the series that Michael Craze met his future wife, at that time a member of the studio personnel at the BBC.

"The Faceless Ones" marked Michael Craze's last appearance in **Dr Who** and although he is still active in the acting profession, his main career is one Ben Jackson would be proud of! Along with his wife he manages an "olde worlde" pub in a village on the outskirts of London.

cut out and collect the entire series

# RESULTS. . .RESULTS. . .RESULTS. . .RESU

## AT LAST! WE ANNOUCE THE WINNERS OF OUR PRIZE~ WINNING "WHO'S WHO" COMPETITION!

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EAMON McCRING FROM CAMBERLEY

CHARLES SCOTT FROM LIVINGSTON

STUART HERLEES FROM EAST LOTHIAN

DAVID GUANTLETT FROM LEICESTER

MARIAN KORZENIOWSKI FROM BEDFORD

RAYMOND BRYTZ FROM HARLOW

NICHOLAS DRYLAND FROM PRESTON

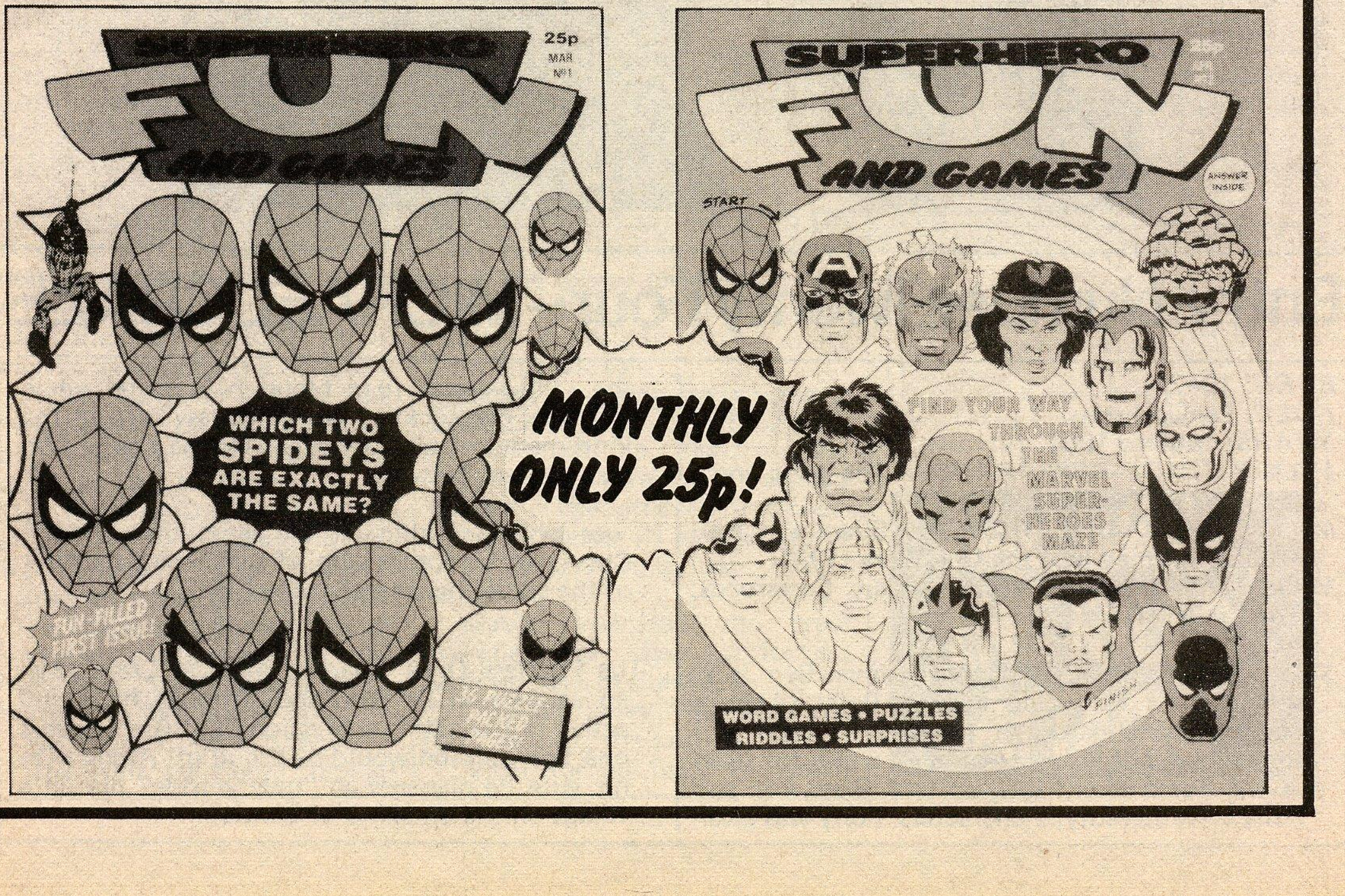
DAVID MORAN FROM LEICESTER

STEVEN BROWN FROM BRAINTREE

## And in case you're still trying to puzzle it out here's the answers...

1) JEAN PIERRE. 2) GENERAL IRONICUS. 3) POLYPHASE AVATRON. 4) PETER CUSHING. 5) KROTON. 6) RUTANS. 7) VASOR. 8) GLAX. 9) VESUVIUS. 10) THALS.

MIGHTY MARVEL IS ON THE MOVE AGAIN!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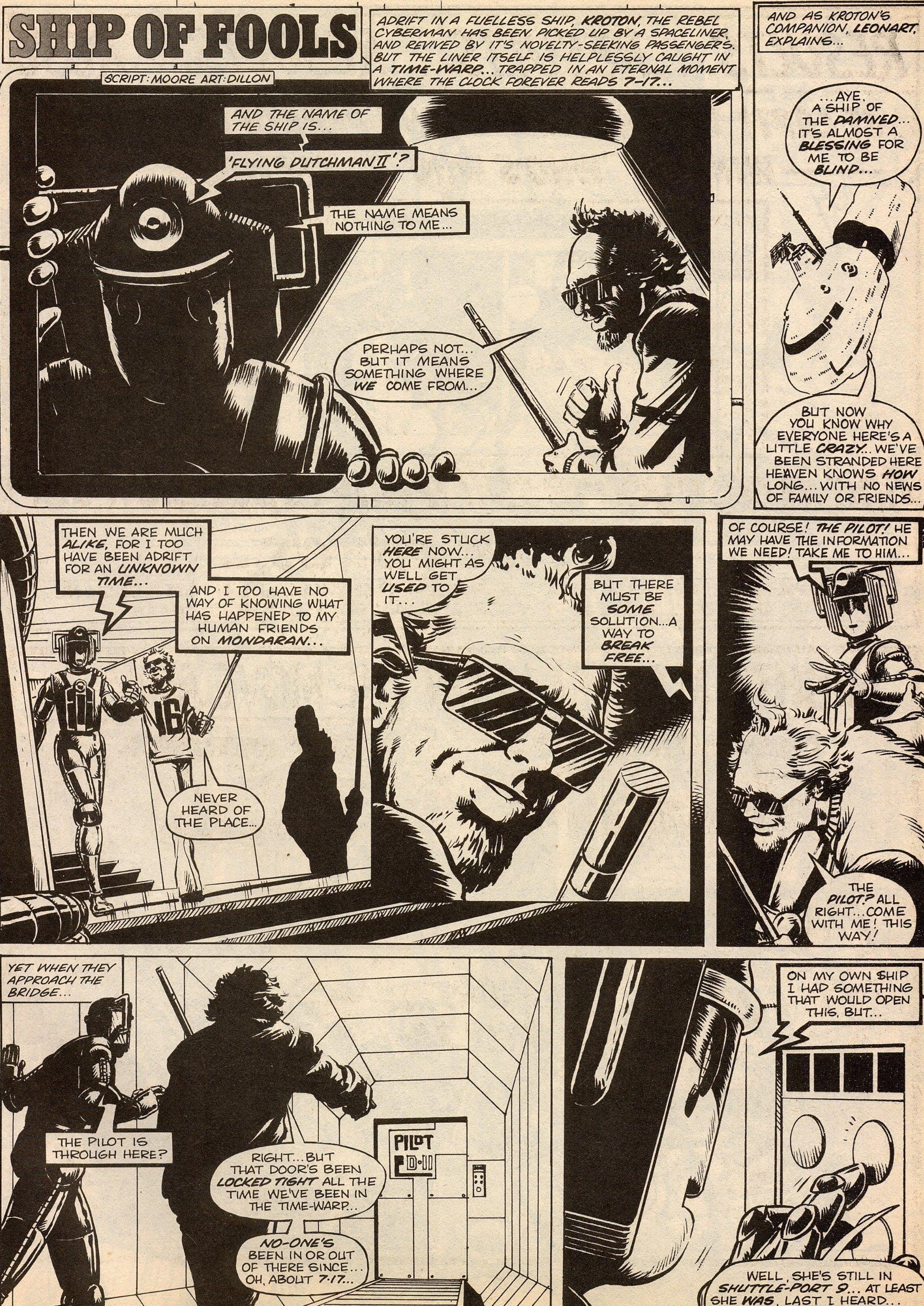
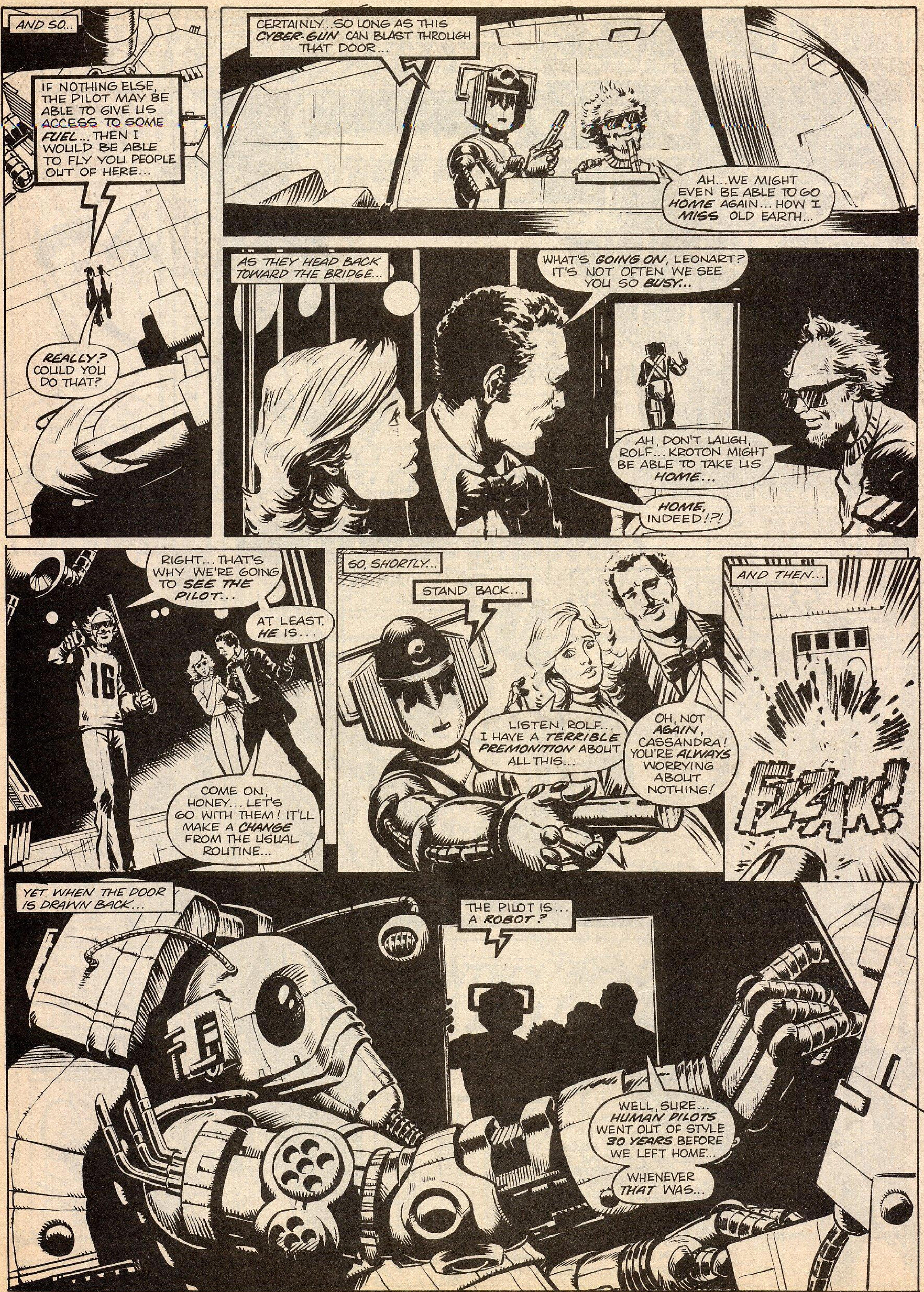
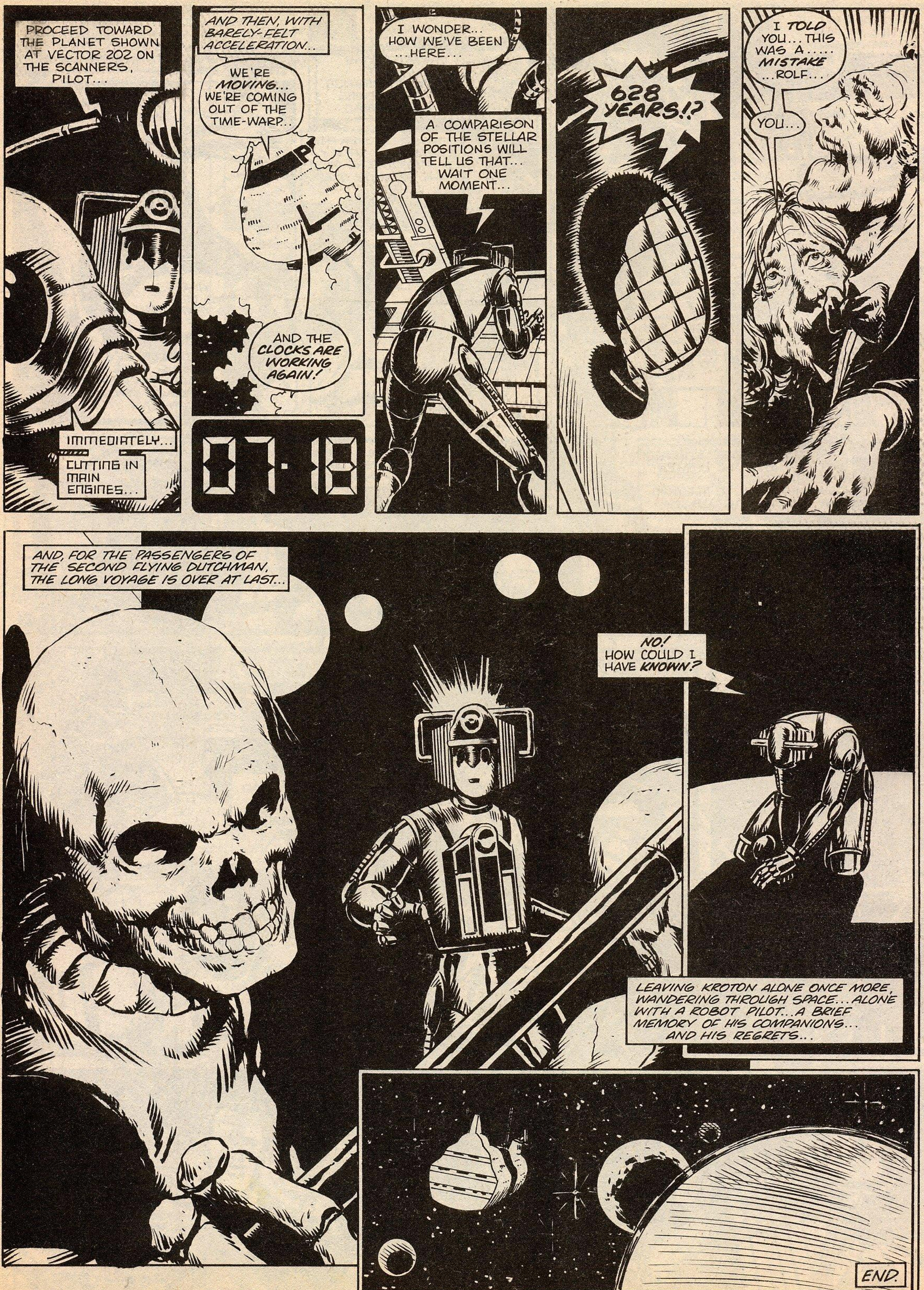
# SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT: MOORE ART: DILLON


ADRIFT IN A FUELLESS SHIP, KROTON, THE REBEL CYBERMAN HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY A SPACELINER, AND REVIVED BY IT'S NOVELTY-SEEKING PASSENGERS. BUT THE LINER ITSELF IS HELPLESSLY CAUGHT IN A TIME-WARP... TRAPPED IN AN ETERNAL MOMENT WHERE THE CLOCK FOREVER READS 7-17...
AND THE NAME OF THE SHIP IS...
'FLYING DUTCHMAN II'?
THE NAME MEANS NOTHING TO ME...
PERHAPS NOT... BUT IT MEANS SOMETHING WHERE WE COME FROM...
AND AS KROTON'S COMPANION, LEONART, EXPLAINS...
...AYE. A SHIP OF THE DAMNED... IT'S ALMOST A BLESSING FOR ME TO BE BLIND...
BUT NOW YOU KNOW WHY EVERYONE HERE'S A LITTLE CRAZY... WE'VE BEEN STRANDED HERE HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG... WITH NO NEWS OF FAMILY OR FRIENDS...
THEN WE ARE MUCH ALIKE, FOR I TOO HAVE BEEN ADRIFT FOR AN UNKNOWN TIME...
AND I TOO HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MY HUMAN FRIENDS ON MONDARAN...
16
NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE...
YOU'RE STUCK HERE NOW... YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...
BUT THERE MUST BE SOME SOLUTION... A WAY TO BREAK FREE...
OF COURSE! THE PILOT! HE MAY HAVE THE INFORMATION WE NEED! TAKE ME TO HIM...
THE PILOT? ALL RIGHT... COME WITH ME! THIS WAY!
YET WHEN THEY APPROACH THE BRIDGE...
THE PILOT IS THROUGH HERE?
PILOT
FD-II
RIGHT... BUT THAT DOOR'S BEEN LOCKED TIGHT ALL THE TIME WE'VE BEEN IN THE TIME-WARP...
NO-ONE'S BEEN IN OR OUT OF THERE SINCE... OH, ABOUT 7-17...
ON MY OWN SHIP I HAD SOMETHING THAT WOULD OPEN THIS, BUT...
WELL, SHE'S STILL IN SHUTTLE-PORT 9... AT LEAST SHE WAS, LAST I HEARD...


AND SO...
IF NOTHING ELSE, THE PILOT MAY BE ABLE TO GIVE US ACCESS TO SOME FUEL... THEN I WOULD BE ABLE TO FLY YOU PEOPLE OUT OF HERE...
REALLY? COULD YOU DO THAT?
CERTAINLY... SO LONG AS THIS CYBER-GUN CAN BLAST THROUGH THAT DOOR...
AH... WE MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO GO HOME AGAIN... HOW I MISS OLD EARTH...
AS THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD THE BRIDGE...
WHAT'S GOING ON, LEONART? IT'S NOT OFTEN WE SEE YOU SO BUSY...
AH, DON'T LAUGH, ROLF... KROTON MIGHT BE ABLE TO TAKE US HOME...
HOME, INDEED!?!
RIGHT... THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE PILOT...
AT LEAST, HE IS...
16
COME ON, HONEY... LET'S GO WITH THEM! IT'LL MAKE A CHANGE FROM THE USUAL ROUTINE...
SO, SHORTLY...
STAND BACK...
LISTEN, ROLF... I HAVE A TERRIBLE PREMONITION ABOUT ALL THIS...
OH, NOT AGAIN, CASSANDRA! YOU'RE ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT NOTHING!
AND THEN...
FZZAK!
YET, WHEN THE DOOR IS DRAWN BACK...
THE PILOT IS... A ROBOT?
WELL, SURE... HUMAN PILOTS WENT OUT OF STYLE 30 YEARS BEFORE WE LEFT HOME...
WHENEVER THAT WAS...

I WONDER IF IT IS STILL IN FULL *WORKING ORDER?*
I AM STILL IN FULL WORKING ORDER...
THEN I WISH TO SEE THE *SHIP'S LOG*... FOR THE DAY PRIOR TO ENTRY INTO THE *TIME-WARP*...
*BUT THE LOG IS **SPOKEN** RATHER THAN SHOWN...*
BLOWOUT IN MAIN TANKS 2 AND 3. INSUFFICIENT FUEL TO REACH DESTINATION. PROBABILITY OF REACHING INHABITABLE PLANET: ZERO.
EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE SWITCHED IN: SAFETY OF PASSENGERS MUST TAKE PRIORITY OVER ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS...
UNSTABLE SPATIAL VORTEX ON VECTOR 543. SENSORS INDICATE GRAVITIC WARPING OF NORMAL TIME-PROGRESSION RESULTING IN LATERAL STASIS...
WHAT THE DEVIL DOES *THAT* MEAN, ROLF?
I ***THINK*** HE'S SAYING WE'RE IN AN AREA WHERE ***TIME STANDS STILL***, MY LOVE...
I HAVE THEREFORE STEERED THE SHIP INTO THE VORTEX, AND AM USING THE REMAINING FUEL TO MAINTAIN OUR POSITION THEREIN...
THIS WILL PRESERVE THE PASSENGERS' LIVES UNTIL WE ARE PICKED UP. I TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ACTION...
BUT THE VORTEX ITSELF IS ***STILL MOVING***...
AND IT NOW APPEARS THERE IS AN INHABITABLE PLANET WITHIN THREE DAYS' JOURNEY. YOU HAVE JUST SUFFICIENT FUEL FOR THE TRIP...
9E-7
BUT WHY HASN'T THE PILOT MADE ANY ATTEMPT TO GO THERE?
PERHAPS THERE IS A *MALFUNCTION*... I SHALL INVESTIGATE...
THIS UNAUTHORISED TINKERING BREAKS REGULATIONS AND WILL BE RECORDED IN THE SHIP'S LOG...
*AND AFTER MUCH CAREFUL WORK...*
THERE... I'VE OVER-RIDDEN IT'S DECISION-MAKING CIRCUITS...
I AM NOW READY TO OBEY YOUR COMMANDS...
THE DECISION IS NOW YOURS... DO YOU WISH TO TRY FOR *PLANETFALL?*
***NO..!***
SHH, CASSANDRA...
***YES***, KROTON! WE ***MUST***... ***ANYTHING'S*** BETTER THAN BEING STUCK HERE TILL THE ***END OF TIME***...


PROCEED TOWARD THE PLANET SHOWN AT VECTOR 202 ON THE SCANNERS, PILOT...
IMMEDIATELY...
CUTTING IN MAIN ENGINES...
AND THEN, WITH BARELY-FELT ACCELERATION...
WE'RE MOVING... WE'RE COMING OUT OF THE TIME-WARP...
AND THE CLOCKS ARE WORKING AGAIN!
07-18
I WONDER... HOW WE'VE BEEN ...HERE...
A COMPARISON OF THE STELLAR POSITIONS WILL TELL US THAT... WAIT ONE MOMENT...
628 YEARS!?
I TOLD YOU... THIS WAS A..... MISTAKE ...ROLF...
YOU...
AND, FOR THE PASSENGERS OF THE SECOND FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE LONG VOYAGE IS OVER AT LAST...
NO! HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN?
LEAVING KROTON ALONE ONCE MORE, WANDERING THROUGH SPACE... ALONE WITH A ROBOT PILOT... A BRIEF MEMORY OF HIS COMPANIONS... AND HIS REGRETS...
END.

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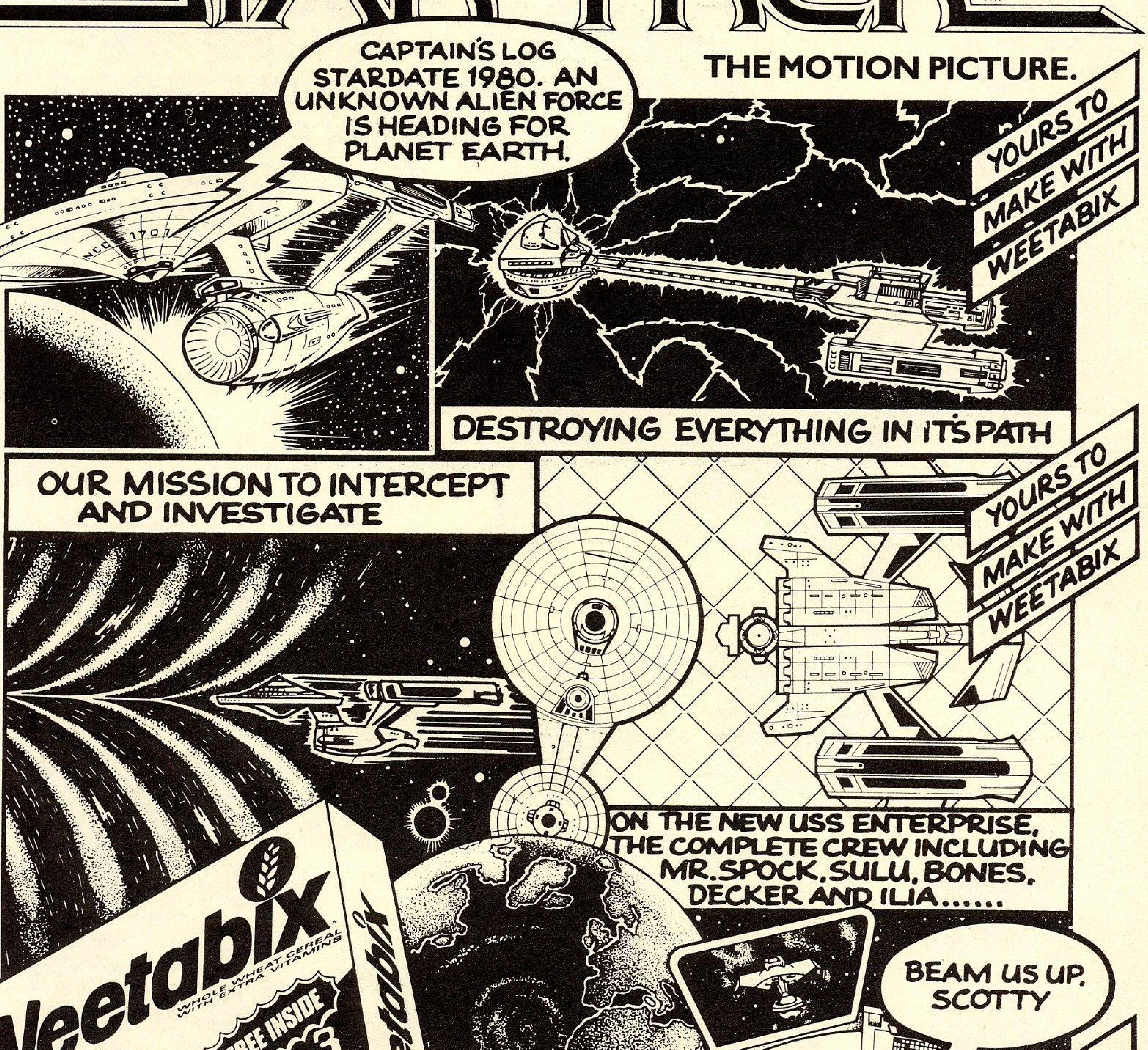
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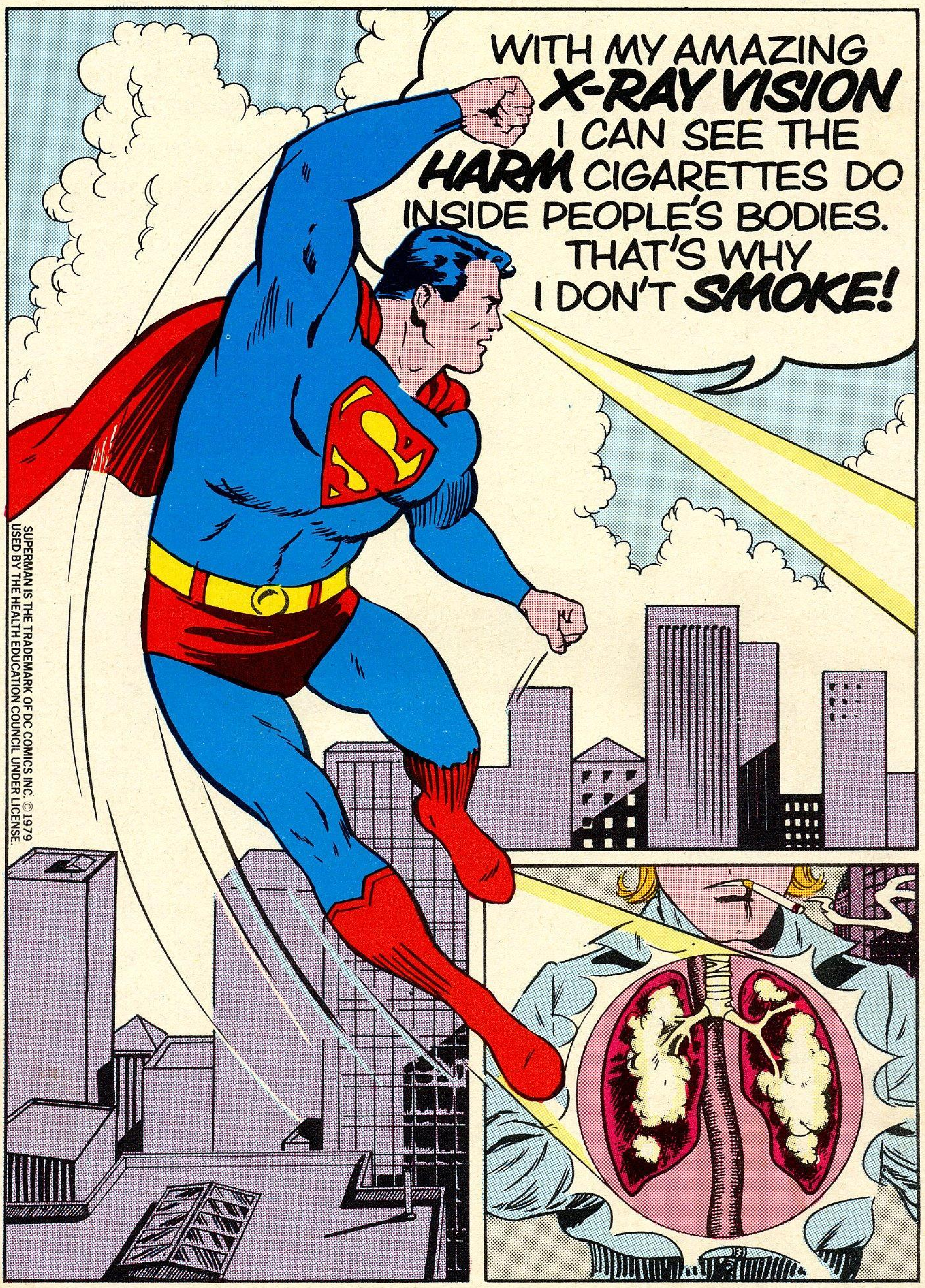
WITH MY AMAZING X-RAY VISION I CAN SEE THE HARM CIGARETTES DO INSIDE PEOPLE'S BODIES. THAT'S WHY I DON'T SMOKE!

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